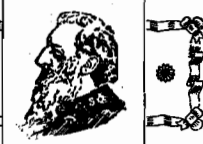


My Journal.

BY THE GENERAL



Tuesday, May 2nd.

By row down the River Yarra from Melbourne, towards Launceston, Tasmania, in the peace resulting largely from a sweet oblivion as to what was going to happen in the open sea we were approaching. Let those of my young people who read these lines get a map of Australia, and look up Bass's Straits, and imagine, if they can, the plight in which we found ourselves, when involved out on the stormy deep in that troubled passage.

The wind had been blowing hard all the morning; but Colonel Lawley (who reckons on being not only sea-sickness proof - which he happily is - but weatherwise, which, with due respect I submit he certainly is not) had been endeavoring to calm our fears by prophesying that the wind was and would be from the land when we passed through the Straits before-mentioned. I don't know where the wind came from; but, judging from my feelings, it seemed to come from every possible point of the compass, and that if not at the same moment, anyway in quick succession. And right away till we entered the river which leads up to Launceston, it blew such a gale as it has not been my lot to encounter for many a day. Happily, it was behind us; otherwise we should not, I fancy, have reached our destination, during that day at least.

Wednesday, 2nd.

About 10 we had a most cordial and picturesque reception on the wharf. The officers were ranged in lines, the band played, the people shouted, the soldiers smiled—one of them danced—and the Mayor and principal members of the City Council on a small platform erected for the purpose, bade us welcome. Mrs. Dr. Gratton Guinness, the daughter of my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reed, was waiting for me, and drove me up to Mount Pleasant, one of the loveliest spots to be found in any part of the globe, where Mrs. Reed gave me a second hearty reception.

3 p.m.—Officers' meeting. I made the best use I could of the little time I had at my disposal to instruct and encourage my Tasmanian comrades, and, to some extent, I believe succeeded.

8 p.m.—Public meeting in the Albert Hall—a really fine hall it is, holding over 2,000 people. It was crowded, the leading people of the city and neighborhood being present.

After the meeting I met the soldiers, and a good and affectionate motley of men and women in appearance they certainly were. Properly trained and led they ought to be able to move the whole country. It was about 11 o'clock when I reached Mount Pleasant, and I was truly tired out.

Thursday, 4th.

10-15—It was with much fear and trembling that I again boarded the now famous "Coocoo"—that is, famous to me, Colonel Lawley and Brigadier Unsworth, who formed my staff on this occasion. It was quite comfortable, and there would be no repetition of the disagreeable experience of the previous trip. "The wind had fallen; the rain would calm the sea; it was all right." I knew the whimsical of my sailing companions repeated over and over again. All was lovely during the four hours on the river, but I confess that I could not but approach the open sea with fear and trembling, and this time things were worse than before—worse, indeed, than I could have imagined possible.

Oh, that was a night! My steamer, considering her size, being only eight hundred tons burden, behaved as well as she could have been expected to do, but that was not saying very much. Sometimes she went upwards to the heights above, and sometimes downwards to the depths beneath; then she went to the right hand and then to the left—port and starboard the sailors have it—and then she appeared to spin round

again, while the sea at intervals lifted her screw right out of the water, and as it turned made every timber in her trouble again, and as Brigadier Unsworth put it, "seemed to scrape his very backbone."

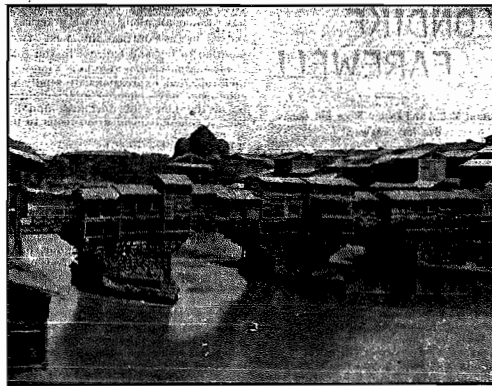
Bad as it was, however—and it certainly was one of the most unpleasant experiences I have ever had on the sea—it came to an end, and by 8 o'clock the following morning we were safe in Melbourne, and the little inconveniences we had suffered were soon forgotten, or only remembered to add to our stock of sea-faring recollections.

Friday, 5th.

Business of various descriptions occupied me during the morning.

4 p.m.—Took the train for Adelaide. Commissioner Pollard and Adj. Barrett have once more fallen into line, and are both with me, the Commissioner having sufficiently recovered from his accident to be able to limp along with the assistance of a walking-stick, and the Adjutant having got out of the doctor's hands.

At 10:45 a.m., after a night's run, we



BRIDGE OF SHOPS, SRINAGAR, INDIA.

were received at the Adelaide railway station by several Members of the Cabinet, His Worship the Mayor of Adelaide, and some of the leading men of the City Council. A Secretary of the Chief Justice apologized for his not being able to meet me, on account of ill-health. Soon after 11 I was comfortably fixed up at Brigadier Glover's house, where I am to stay. Seeing the representatives of the Press and other business fully occupied during the remainder of the day.

5:30 p.m.—Soldiers' meeting. This meeting was held in the Memorial Hall, a building holding near one thousand people. It forms a part of a fine block of property, recently acquired by the Commandant, much favorable feeling. In it there is the hall above referred to, a good-sized Junior barracks, offices for the Chief Colonial and Divisional Officers, quarters for two Captains, while two large floors are used as a Skolley. It is situated in the centre of the city, and was bought for £10,000. The original cost of the property must have been considerably over twice that amount. The soldiers' meeting was crowded by a number at the Mercy Seat.

Sunday 7th.

11 a.m.—The Exhibition Building, where we are to fight to-day, is a very much smaller building than the one bearing the same name at Melbourne. Still, it is a large hall, and will seat, I think, over three thousand people with ease.

We had a big audience in the morning, and were crowded afternoon and night. The meetings were orderly, and 103 came out to the Mercy Seat during the day, of whom 40 promised to become soldiers right away.

Monday, 8th.

We were in the Town Hall afternoon and night. It was not a good place for our kind of meetings, and at night I felt about as had in talking as I very well could. But we got 41 to the penitential form for the two meetings, notwithstanding.

Tuesday, 9th.

On the previous evening a note was handed to me from Lord Tennyson, the recently-appointed Governor of South Australia, inviting me to either luncheon or tea, as most convenient to me, at Government House on the following day. My meetings prevented either, but out of respect for Authority, accompanied by the Commandant, I called this morning to pay my respects to His Excellency. Both Lord and Lady Tennyson received us most cordially, and appeared much interested in the Social Operations of the Army, although His Lordship frankly admitted that he had been much prejudiced against our work generally. He will not be a very long time in South Australia, I fancy, before his views are very much modified. He could not very well have appeared more friendly than he did this morning.

Had three good officers' meetings to-day. The one at night, in which Staff, Field and Locals were combined, was especially satisfactory.

These meetings were held in the hall of a really splendid pile of buildings

I replied, assuring him and all concerned of the whole-hearted confidence with which I regarded his assurances, and of the gratitude I felt for all the progress that had been made during his command. And so closed the public services of this campaign.

Thursday, 11th.

11:48 a.m.—Left for the steamer which is to convey us to Europe. The send-off was, by my request, a very quiet one, only the Staff Officer who was with us in Adelaide accompanying us to the ship. The cabin, which is to be my office, study, sitting-room and bedroom for the next month, was sanctified by a little prayer and hymn, and then we parted. From the launch sounded, "God be with you till we meet again," over the waters, and then changing into, "We'll march through the world with the Fire and the Flood," handkerchiefs were waved, and volleys were fired till she passed out of sight.

Taken together, this campaign has been, I think, one of the most useful of my life. From the beginning to the end there has been a most remarkable and gratifying desire on the part of every officer, from the Commandant downwards, and I might almost say of every soldier who has been within reach, to do their best, and to co-operate in carrying out the arrangements required for such an immense and complicated set of services could not be desired.

God bless my Australian comrades! I leave them with a big confidence that they are going to see greater things than ever. I know that the hearts of my precious son and his wife are fully set upon carrying out my wishes, and the wonderful success of the past assures me that the future is going to fill my soul with satisfaction, whether I live to see it on earth or have it reported to me in heaven.

One dark spot on the horizon saddens me, as we steam away, and that is the Commandant's health. He has, I fear, never recovered from the heavy strain of his Canadian command, and the anxieties and exhausting fatigues connected with the heavy travelling, toils and advance made in Australia have told still further upon him. He ought to go aside for a while—indeed, for a long while—and have a complete rest. Anyway, I have employed him to slacken speed and give his jaded body and mind a chance of regaining that health and vigor which has already proved so valuable to the world.

Friday, 12th.

We are settling down in our new habitation. My cabin is roomy, and suitable for the varied kinds of work I hope to see done in it; rather too forward in the vessel it may be, of which we have already been reminded by the slight pitching motion that so effectively and unpleasantly unsettles the nerves and bewilders the head. However, the position has other advantages, which go to compensate for this; so we take the good with the ill, and are content.

Colonel Lawley has increased the motion of the vessel. The Adjutant has already succumbed to his fate. He made a hurried retreat from the luncheon table, and soon, but I did not anticipate the reason until I found him in the arms of his berth. Commissioner Pollard was not long after a mystery.

What a mystery this sea-sickness is! I would not care so much about it, truly as I sympathize with my sufferers, and it did not interfere so considerably with the regular course of work I have mapped out for this passage. But we will hope. Overboard I had a bad head myself. However, I was able to go on trying to do something, and hoping for better things to-morrow.

Saturday, 13th.

Beautiful weather; indeed, everything would be as agreeable as could be wished, if these "lumps on the ocean," as Colonel Lawley describes them, could be smoothed down so as to make our onward progress more regular.

Capt. Loggin, the commander, is reported as a God-fearing man; anyway, he has considerable respect for the Salvation Army. It seems that his actual knowledge of it is derived from occasional visits to Sherburnham, where his family ordinarily spend their summer holidays. The Salvation Army, of that place would, I am sure, attract the attention of anyone. How much more would they be likely to interest our sailor Captain!

Sunday, 14th.

We entered the Port of Albany, West Australia, and sent back from thence quite a heavy mail.

The Sergt.-Major of the corps brought me the pleasing intelligence that, since my flying visit, they had had many souls, some being far away the highest reprobates in the place. He himself and his men were ex-officio, and, although holding a good situation, want to offer themselves again for the work.

Received letter from England containing the customary budget of good news, of which I am very thankful, but, as usual, there is much that is very perplexing. The wheat and the tares still grow together, and will do, I fancy, until the harvest.

2.30 p.m.—We heaved anchor and started for the open sea; 3,250 miles are before us ere we sight land again, and then, all well, we are to have a day or so with our dear comrades in the Corvair, in some rock to be seen as the ship left Albany Harbor, of which the Captain had informed him, and which had been named by him (that is, the "General Booth" from some fancied resemblance which it happened to bear to my outward appearance I mean. Both the Colonel and the Commissioner were struck by the curious likeness when the rugged piece of granite came in view.

Evening.—The pitching motion has been exchanged for what the Captain calls a gentle roll, which he says will probably last until we reach Melbourne. This is very disquieting intelligence, as we had reckoned on a smooth sea for at least this part of the passage.

Sunday on a steamer at sea is usually a dry time for a Salvationist. Nobody seems to consider it his duty to undertake any obligation to be religious at sea either one day or another, and although on these great ocean-going steamers there is usually some sort of a religious service, yet it is so out of sympathy with the worldly lives of those who take part in it, and so rapidly hurried through, that to us Salvationists it is a very unsatisfactory business and although we contrive to get a meeting of our own during the day, it is one part of the vessel or another, yet that is not much more than tolerated; anyway we find it difficult to wind up with the penitent form.

But Sunday in Port is more desolate still. It all going off to the shore or coming back to the ship, or receiving or posting letters, or something else. Religion could not be the ghost of a chance. Nobody could or would care to come down to these under such circumstances.

I often wonder how the strong objectors to doing a Sabbath Day's Journey, selling the War Cry for the purpose of pulling sinners out of the water, manage to do it. These steamers where everything is subordinated to earthly business and pushing ahead on that as on other days. On one of my sea passages I had with me a gentleman who had publicly and privately denounced the selling of the War Cry on Sunday. He reckoned it to be Sabbath breaking of a dangerous character, but, although his journey was for his own health and pleasure, I did not find that he had made one single objection to the steamer going forward on the Sabbath, or that he declined the eating and drinking, or anything else that had to do with the day, although it necessitated the hard and heavy toll of officers, engineers, stokers, quartermasters, cooks, stewards and crew. This was, like many other things connected with the criticism of the Salvation Army's mystery. Why it should be right to keep all these people at work to enable him to travel up and down the world for his pleasure, and yet should be wrong to let the same people do salvation tidings to the ignorant and perishing, I cannot understand.

Evening.—The Rev. Mr. Champness and his son, who are on board, come in to prayers with us, and we had a refreshing session.

Monday, 15th.

The roll continues, indeed, grows worse. Writing has been anything but an agreeable task to-day, although I have managed to scribble eight hours in my cabin chair. But sleeping and eating are becoming increasingly difficult—that is, to me. The general run of the passengers don't seem to find it hinders in the latter business.

Tuesday, 16th.

The rolling motion continues, the wind amounting to quite a gale. Fortunately, I am blind and the officers assure me that if it were going the other way it would be quite a serious business.

It is sufficiently serious going this way to make my head almost unbearable. The weather grows warmer as we near the tropics. I am still struggling with my papers on "Every Day Religion," but I must say that it requires a good deal of everyday patience to be strapped up in this cabin, with every porthole closed against the income of the dashing waves, which unfortunately means being closed against the fresh air also.

Wednesday, 17th.

The wind has gone down somewhat, and consequently, the sea is calmer and the vessel steadier; still, the ceaseless roll from side to side continues. We are more than a thousand miles from Australia, and I must admit that I feel as though I had left a large part of my heart behind me. The reverence and respect shown me personally, and the sympathy manifested with my life's work, and with the work of the Army in general, has affected me deeply. I have been the more moved by the fact that these feelings have not been confined to any special class of people. As I have rode through the streets, entered the crowded buildings, sat in the railway trains, walked the decks of the steamers, indeed, everywhere, I have met with great respect and sincere admiration. It is, I know, the Army that has earned it, and to my devoted comrades in Australia, and their leaders, and the world over, I want to acknowledge my indebtedness. It is with a sense of shared responsibility that I am given to me. God bless them! and with every blessing necessary to the making of a happy, useful nation, may He bless my dear Australian comrades, and let all the people who read this, say, "Amen!"

KLONDIKE FAREWELL

Adjutant McGill and Ensign Bloss Bid Good-bye for Skagway.

Farewells, like funerals, are to me very sad affairs. I must confess to there being a good deal of human left in me, and it was not without having again to pass through the same experience that I bid good-bye to our much-beloved comrades and companions Adj. McGill and Ensign Bloss, and waved them out of sight from the wharf of Dawson at 3 p.m., on January 16, on the S. S. Victorian, bound for Skagway.

The 12 months or a little better we have enjoyed each other's companionship in this far-distant clime, separated as we have been by thousands of miles from the nearest Army corps will never from our minds and fond memories be erased. I could not even begin to mention the many new and varied experiences which have been crowded into that period of time.

The farewell gathering in the Methodist Church on Monday night, June 5th, was singularly representative: people of all classes and ranks, and of every persuasion, said a last adieu to our comrades. Notwithstanding the extreme difficulty of assembling a crowd indoors, seeing that now it is never dark, the population being so transient, the building mentioned being so far away from those who compose our real congregations, the church held a good crowd and tickets were purchased to the amount of \$141.50, to aid the Adjutant and Ensign in defraying travelling expenses.

Our kindly friend and neighbor, Rev. Mr. Turner took the chair. Short addresses of farewell were given by Col. McGregor, Secretary Evans, Bro. Roper, Dr. Grant, Rev. Hetherington and others. Very special reference was made to the brotherly feeling which had and did exist between the churches and the Army, and how in the particular sphere S. A., and how in the line in fighting against the devil and sin. After farewell words from Adj. McGill, the old favorite, "God be with you till we meet again," was sung heartily, and then the Adjutant praying the blessing of God upon all.

We also had the "last supper" in our quarters, and our feelings can be better imagined than described as we sat and talked over this our parting meal.

The remaining ones wished the Adjutant and the Ensign God-speed and wish that they would grant great success to

their labors in Skagway, where also they will not be strangers to difficulties, and those of us who remain in Dawson will do our best to "hold the fort" and stem the fearful tide of sin.

The following is called from the Klondike Nugget:

"Adj. McGill and Ensign Bloss, of the Salvation Army, by the East mail received orders to proceed to an appointment on the coast at once. The Adjutant's successor will be Adj. F. Morris."

"Last Monday, June 5th, a parting service was held in the Methodist Church, at which a large crowd attended to bid good-bye to the Adjutant and Ensign."

STANDING BY THE FLAG!

The Klondike Expedition Celebrates the First Anniversary.

A CHEERING MEMORIAL TO THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

Dawson, Y. T.,
April 15th, 1899.

TO OUR COMMISSIONER:—

We, your Klondike Party, have met together for a little family gathering in commemoration of this day, being the Anniversary of our departure from Toronto. Naturally, dear Commissioner, at this time especially you are remembered.

We thought it would be a fitting tribute to you (not only as our beloved leader, but in addition to this, because you have taken all along such a practical interest in us during the past twelve months) to try and express to you collectively our heart-felt thanks. Your many and repeated expressions of kindly consideration have cheered and enlightened us in the hours of darkness, and have been a constant inspiration to us to push on and up!

In the twelve months there has been crowded into our lives a multitude of strange and new experiences, but we believe they will all tend to make us more efficient warriors. As a Party, we have thrived, and we have been shadowed a trifle, but the gloom has soon been dispelled by the glorious light which has broken forth in all its splendor, brightening our way to victory. Not only in the twelve months since we look back upon a little accomplished for the Kingdom, but we believe the year has been one of decided advance in our own souls.

We wish also to say, which we believe will please you, that the love for each other has increased, and that we are determined to continue as a little band to stand together, and hold up Adj. McGill's and each other's hands in the great season which is before us, in Yukon, to say the least, is rampant, and wish you to depend upon us each individually to push the battle to the gates wherever our lot may be cast—now, as in the future.

Again thinking you, Commissioner, for all the kindly interest you have manifested, Believe us to be.

Yours to win under the Flag.

Thos. J. McGill, Adj.
Frank Morris, Adj.

Rebecca Ellery, Ensign.

Ed. Bloss, Ensign.

Joe. Keene, Capt.

J. W. LeCocq, Capt.

Lillie Allen, Lieut.

Salvation Army Officers Leave.

Dawson's people who have learned to admire Adj. T. J. McGill, commander of the local Salvation Army forces, will regret to learn that the latter mails brought to him an order from Commissioner Eva Booth to proceed to the outside for work in another field. Agreeable to this, the Adjutant will leave in about ten days, accompanied by Ensign Fred Bloss. The gentlemen have been in Dawson for nearly a year, and the Adjutant tells the Nugget that he has enjoyed it immensely, thanks to the genial kindness which he has met on every hand. It has been a year for him to see and to leave behind a reputation for earnest endeavor and intelligent effort. The work will be left in the care of Adj. Frank Morris.



A Few Personal Words from Adj. McGillemont.

I was converted at the age of 16, in a little Methodist Church, five miles from the city of Ottawa, on what is called Sandy Hill.

Special meetings were being held in the church there, and I went, as it was the custom of our people to get to most all church services. That Wednesday night God took hold of me. I became desperately miserable and cried like a sick baby. There happened to be a Salvationist there who was helping in the meetings, a Sergeant of Ottawa corps. He came to speak to me, and I shall never forget his words.

"Dave, how is it with your soul?" he said. I could not answer him, and seemed speechless. After talking to me for some time he said, "Come to the Mercy Seat."

I felt compelled to rise and go forward, although I was afraid I would drop before I got there, I felt so terribly weak, but I reached the penitent form and got saved.

Now came the question, what shall I join, the church or the S. A.? I consulted a friend of mine, who had got saved in the Army, who said, "Try the S. A.," and after some consideration I felt the Army was my home. I gave in my name and became a soldier of the Ottawa corps.

I afterwards sent in my application for the work, was accepted, and to-day an officer in the great S. A., seeking to save the lost.

The Career of Ensign A. H. Wright.

My life, till I met the Army, was very wild. Being thrown on my own resources early in life, the devil laid lots of traps into which I early fell. One fine piece of work the devil did was to get professing Christians to teach me to play cards. Soon I was playing at the tables, and ere long became a drunkard. When I wanted an excuse for my ways I would say I was as good as the church folks. I gave up going to church early, because I was dismissed from Sunday School for playing cards. When the parson's daughter broke down singing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." As soon as I stayed away from church and Sunday School I went into much worse places than before. In the year 1888, when the S. A. opened up in Hereford, I was quite a tough. I went three or four times; each time they went for me about my soul. On a certain Monday night I got drunk at the pub and about six of us wound up at the Army. That night God sobered and saved me, gave me over to do right, and while I have followed him for salvation. However, as in May, 1894, I went into the field. December, 1896, I came to Canada and am still in the fight.

Sister Mrs. Saunders Sought Salvation for Two Weeks.

When quite young I really wanted to be good. Then my father died. It seemed to strengthen the desire to try and might gain heaven. A few years later I knelt at a Methodist penitent form to give my heart to God, and for two weeks I presented myself every night at the penitent form for salvation. I was faithfully dealt with, but could not grasp this great salvation. I wanted to feel the work done and then I would be willing to admit it was done, but was not willing to trust in God for salvation. However, as I was going home one night, a sister took me by the arm and explained to me that having done my part, I must now believe God did His, and how impossible it was to feel I was saved until I believed. I renewed then and there the work was done, I had the witness bright and clear. Since then I have met many who have straggled on the same rock.

In the Nick of Time.

(To our frontispiece.)



HAT a narrow escape! The team skipped briskly over the snow; the sleigh ride was delightful. Suddenly the edge of an unexpected precipice is sighted! With

lightning speed the driver jumped out of his sleigh, and throwing his full weight upon the reins, quickly pulls up the spirited team which have reared high up in the air, and with a sideward leap save themselves from falling into the abyss, just in the nick of time!

□ □ □

There have been sinners who have driven the chariot of pleasure at full speed down sin's broad avenue, and who, upon seeing the jaws of hell ready to receive them, leaped out of the vehicle speeding to destruction, and found salvation on their deathbed, just in the nick of time! These cases are, comparatively speaking, very few.

□ □ □

The devil is too experienced to let his victims suspect the danger ahead. It is with religion as with everything else that wise man can see coming; the thoughtless, careless crowd rushes on, dancing on the top of a volcano and laughing to scorn the warning messages of those that would save them.

□ □ □

We can all remember the terrible Johnston catastrophe, when so many lives were lost in so short a time. A man who witnessed the first breaking of the dam, jumped on a horse and rode without a saddle through the villages of the valley, crying, "Flee to the mountains, the dam is broken!"

The crowd laughed and jeered at him; some thought him mad; some believed him to be drunk; others took his loud cry for a bad joke; only a few heeded the warning, and ran to the hills, and were saved—in the nick of time! In a few minutes a mighty wave, higher than the fragile buildings of the village, came down the valley with terrific force, and swept everything before it.

□ □ □

Sinner, death is on your track; soon he will have caught up with you. Life is passing; your path is getting darker and more downward, soon the insatiable jaws of perdition will open to receive you, unless you turn in the nick of time. Now is your chance to leap from the vehicle of iniquity and gain the mountain—even the hill of Calvary, where Christ died for you, and where you may die to sin, and arise in newness of life immortal.

FOR ADOPTION!



This little child—five months old, bright and healthy—for adoption. Applications to be sent to

BRIGADIER MRS. READ,
S. A. Temple, Toronto.

The thuses of the life to be
We weave in colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

—Whittier.



FROM FOREIGN FIELDS

THE BRITISH ISLES.

Brigadier Yuddha Bhai has reached International Headquarters. She has brought with her a high caste Indian boy saved by the Army from the famine.

—X—

The rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea, the Rev. Gerald Blunt, invited the local corps of the Salvation Army to attend a special service. Under the command of Colonel Whitmore, and headed by a brass band, they marched to St. Luke's, where they were received by the rector and Canon Chapman. The flags of the contingent were placed at the steps of the altar, from the steps of which the aged rector delivered his address. His chief idea in inviting the Salvation Army to a special service, he said, was that he might have the opportunity of doing them honor, and showing the great respect he held for them and their noble work. During the singing of, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," a collection was taken up on behalf of the Century Fund. Lord Justice Rigny and Lord Monkswell were amongst the lay worshippers and sat in the same pew as that occupied by Colonel Whitmore.

—X—

The Chief of Staff is engaged upon another book which promises to be of exceptional interest, value and inspiration. Its tone is the work and character of the Field Officer.

—X—

In London at present is a soldier from one of the Australian Bush corps. She has lived 26 years in the Bush, and can fell and split trees, build houses, plough, dig and harrow, and, in fact, do anything that a man can do.

UNITED STATES.

Commander Booth-Tucker commissioned thirty-six Cadets at the Memorial Hall. Fourteen souls knelt at the penitential form at the close of the meeting.

—X—

Twenty-two seekers were the visible result of the Corps's last holiness meeting in New York.

—X—

The current issue of our American contemporary is a special 4th of July issue. The back page has the unique feature of a map of the United States, giving at a glance the position of the Army in that Territory.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Mrs. Commissioner Ridsdell, accompanied by Mrs. Maidment, conducted a service at the Roeland Street Jail, Cape Town, on a recent Sunday afternoon, at which four of the women prisoners sought deliverance from the chains of sin.

—X—

Brigadier Barritt and family sailed from Cape Town on the 21st of June.

—X—

A thirty-two-page Special Winter Number of the War Cry is now in active preparation, and will be issued about the first week in July. Its contents will be wholly of a South African character, and will deal with every feature of our work.

Commissioner Ridsdell is, as usual, despite the work which he gets through at Cape Town, sandwiching in some soul-stirring campaigns. His latest moves are to Zululand and Natal.

ITALY.

The courts have recognized once more the Salvation Army as a culte approved of the state.

—X—

Powerful meetings preceded over by

Brigadier Clibborn, have taken place in Florence.

—X—

Brigadier and Mrs. Clibborn have visited the different posts of the country and everywhere left a precious trace of their visit.

FRANCE.

Our Hotellerie populaire, on the same plan as the one existing in Paris, has been opened in Geneva, and inaugurated by Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg.

—X—

Commissioner Booth-Hellberg is improving but slowly, and will have to spend many more weeks in his bed at the Zurich Hospital.

—X—

FINLAND.

The Congress is just beginning. Great things are looked forward to.

—X—

A number of officers will have from two to four weeks' rest after the Congress. No corps will be neglected, but will be supplied with one or two officers.

—X—

Ensign Aksterom takes charge of our new Rescue Home, which was opened in June.

—X—

DENMARK.

Preparations are now made at Headquarters for the large Congress to be held in July, at Copenhagen.

—X—

Mrs. Powell is again in her place at the Headquarters to take active part in the war.

—X—

Major Breten has gained permission to hold open-air at the Market-Place in Horsens. Our ambition is to get permission to hold meetings on every Market-Place in Denmark.

—X—

NORWAY.

Christian III. has a beautiful new barracks. Ensign Jorgenson, the architect, is to be congratulated upon his work.

—X—

In connection with the visit of the Chief of the Staff three Staff-Captains were raised to the rank of Major, and Adj. Ericson to Staff-Captain.

—X—

The political authorities have given us permission to hold open-air meetings in those places, where before we were forbidden to go.

—X—

SWEDEN.

Major Larsen has been appointed Field Secretary.

—X—

Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant is in Finland holding meetings.

—X—

Some changes are made in the Cadets' Training Home, the arrangement now being for the Cadets to stay in the Training Home twelve weeks instead of six.

—X—

So live that when the sun
Of your existence sinks in night
Memories of sweet merces done
May shrine your name in memories
Of light.
And the best seeds you scattered, bloom
A hundredfold in days to come.

—Sir John Bowring.

"Let There be Light."

When the day is dreary,
Sad and long;
When your heart is weary.

When the gloom is over,
With glad song
Thou the angels hover.

Like a sunbeam gleaming
Through the rain,
May this hope come beaming.

Smiles for tears be given,
Joy for pain,
And for earth be Heaven.

—G. Logan.

Warrior's Weekly

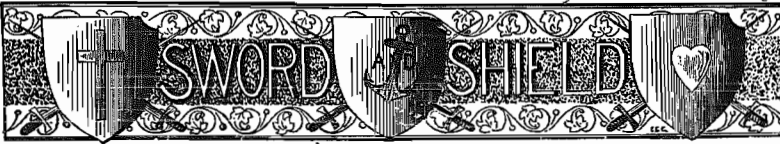
Witness-Box.

STEVE SMITH, OF REVELSTOCK,
TELLS HOW HE FOUND THE GENUINE
ARTICLE.

Many years have passed since I spent my childhood days in a village called Kirkfield, in the northern part of Ontario. I was a reckless lad and had the name of being the worst and wildest of any in the whole town. I worked in a woolen mill there, and I often think if the walls of that mill could speak, they could tell some queer tales concerning my life. When any of the boys would come in there we had a time of it, providing the boss was away. Belts were thrown off the pulleys, carding and picking machines were fed too fast, and the spinning mule would throw it out of order, the shuttle would warp, for the looms would come in contact with each other, and thus the day would pass. The blame always rested on me, whether guilty or not, for I was the oldest and the boss said I should have more sense. Nothing was too bad for me to do; anything that was pleasing to the devil I seemed to have nerve enough to perform. I seemed to care no more for God than I did for a stone. The old devil reigned supreme in my heart; he got there first. The people of the village and surrounding country, when anything was missed or destroyed, would say, "Steve Smith was at the head of this," at the same time I might have been at home soundly sleeping after the work of the day. Oftentimes I was innocent, but got the blame just the same. I reasoned, therefore, that I might as well have the game as good as the name. Punishing did no good, it only made me more head-strong. I went from bad to worse, selling my soul to the devil and receiving nothing but misery and shame in return.

The Turn in the Lane.

At the age of 16, however, I became a convert of the old Presbyterian Church that stood on the hill. Many a happy night I have spent there, while listening to the Word of God, and I longed for His royal Nibs. Business transactions with His Power Nibs (7) had ceased considerably, and I began to think I was a saint. I was enjoying life in a different way, 'tis true, but the question arose in my heart, "Am I not learning hypocrisy?" I had to answer in the affirmative, because I had never been truly converted, and the life I had been leading was only a sham. I made a mistake—the great mistake of my life—when, upon finding this out, I did not put myself at once right with God. For two years I had deceived myself with an unreal conversion, and I again went back openly into the devil's ranks. In the spring of 1891 I was called to go West. A deep sorrow came over me when I thought of the friends I must leave behind to go and baffle with the world. Although my father was going with me, yet I felt the parting with my mother, sisters and brothers. The summer passed, and I became acquainted with a salvation—a genuine salvation—a conversion by faith through the grace of God and the instrumentality of the Army. My eyes were opened and I realized that I had found a true and a full salvation. I shall never forget the time when I laid my all on the altar. Thank God! He washed my robes white in the precious Blood of Jesus Christ and opened up a way whereby I can walk uprightly and serve God every day.



Weekly Watchword:

The Sympathy of
Jesus.

I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need.
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
Oh, blessed Lord, but Thine.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

He Sympathizes Because He Knows.—
II. Sam. vii. 20.

The truest and most acceptable sympathy is always an understanding one. A knowledge of the suffering, its cause and the sufferer makes the pity just what is needed. Christ's sympathy for us is based upon a perfect knowledge of our own heart and the circumstances surrounding us.

MONDAY.

The Sympathy of Sweet Communion.—
Canticles viii. 5.

Constant communion with Christ ensures His sympathy and strength ever at our side. With His presence the bitterest is taken out of every grief and the hardest out of every cross.

TUESDAY.

He Feels Our Griefs and Mourns in our Sorrows.—Is. liiii. 9.

The highest form of sympathy actually participates in the joys or sorrows of its

object. We have it on Bible authority that in this sweet mystery Jesus shares as well as sympathizes with us. When no other heart sees, knows, or understands the heart of Jesus is glad or grieved with ours.

WEDNESDAY.

Practical Sympathy.—Mark v. 35-43.

Christ's sympathy gloriously differs from much of the human sentiment which goes by that name. It never exhausted itself in words. These He gave when the soul stood in need of such, but the best sympathy of Christ spent itself in deeds. While mourners were weeping and disciples, perhaps, doubting, He went into the chamber of sorrow and lifted the shadow of death.

THURSDAY.

Christ Disappointed in the Sympathy of Men.—Mark xiv.

One of the saddest incidents in the life of Jesus is this: In the darkest hour of His life, when His humanity craved the presence of companionship, the disciples failed Him, and showed indolent selfishness. They missed the opportunity of their lives of being the most to their Master.

FRIDAY.

Christ's Sufferings Never Sealed His Sympathy.—John xix. 26-27.

In the keenest agony which it was possible to suffer, the Saviour yet had thought and pity for the sorrow at His feet. Our own grief should never take our attention off the griefs of others. Instead of becoming self-absorbed in times of sorrow, we should go out with the softening of affliction to soothe and sympathize with other wounded hearts.

SATURDAY.

Compassion for the Multitude.—Mark vi. 33.

The wideness of Christ's sympathy is one of its most beautiful features. How all too many people there are whose compassion is great for an individual whom they personally know and love, but who have none to spare for the sorrow when it is felt by a crowd of strangers. Let us seek to cultivate that sympathy of our Master, which felt for the needs of a multitude.

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON

The life-work of Moses was of late commencement. He was a middle-aged man before he took any part in the practical assistance of his persecuted people—he was an old man before God gave him his commission and sent him out to accomplish the most difficult task undertaken by man up to date, viz., the escape and leadership of the Children of Israel.

The two glimpses we get of the character of Moses, prior to his call on Mount Horeb, both indicate that Moses possessed that great qualification for a leader of the people, viz., hatred of oppression. Whether it was the poor Israelite worried by the cruel Egyptian, or the girl shepherds tormented by the selfishness of those Midianitish herdsmen, Moses' anger rose, and he put his pity into practical effort. He killed the enemy of the first, and drove away the enemies of the other.



Three Former Canucks, now in Uncle Sam's Domain.

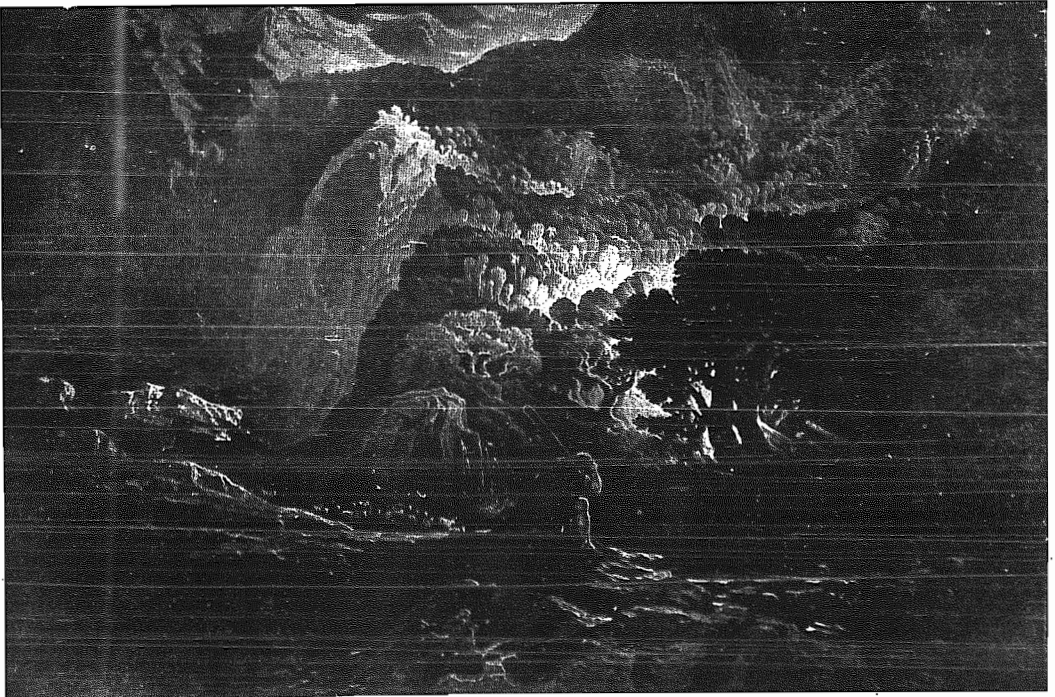
Lieut. Reynolds, who was saved and spent some six years as a soldier in Yarmouth corps, Nova Scotia.

Capt. Langdon, who was a soldier at Lippincott about a year previous to her going to the States.

Sister Dennis, of Prince Edward's Island, who is a soldier of Louisville 11, Mass., where these officers are stationed.

Let all would-be blessers and leaders of the people seek to cultivate this merciful essential in their character. Hate oppression, and destroy it in your immediate domain, as well as the province of others, and you will be a master to be loved and a leader that is followed.

The call of Moses was the greatest surprise of his life. Moses was a man who felt his own imperfections, knew his weaknesses, and thought in lowly fashion of what attainments he possessed. That he should be chosen for such a mission looked unexplainable to him. But God never makes a mistake, and He gave Moses and the world another instance of the oft-exemplified truth that whom He calls He also qualifies.



GOD SPEAKING TO MOSES FROM THE MIDST OF THE FIERY BUSH.

WITH THE FIELD COMMISSIONER THROUGH WEST ONTARIO



A Proud Time for Paris.

PARIS, not the city on the River Seine, famous for its beauty and wickedness, but Paris on the Grand River, noted for its beauty and morality, was the next stopping-place of the Commissioner and party.

Caret Dorell had everything in truly adorable order for us. The magnificent Presbyterian Church, of which a cut accompanies this report, a structure which would command favorable notice in any city, was kindly placed at our disposal for the night service. Before I speak of the meeting, I should like to remark that the trip from Hamilton, a distance of 31 miles, was negotiated by the members of the Bicycle Brigade—ladies included—in excellent style. The roads were fairly good, the hills all climbable, and the country couine we met on the road full of wonder as to who and what we were. There were many "cups of cold water" in evidence.

Now, about the meeting. The church, which seats over 1,000, was jammed, and the caretaker says that scores were turned away. For downright hearty sympathy and good will, commensurate to the Parisians. The verdict of all the party is unanimous on that point. This was the first visit of the Commissioner to the town, and the whole place was interested.

From 7 till 8 crowds could be seen turning their feet towards the church. It was one continual stream of people till after the place was full. Some told us how hard it was to realize that in truth Commissioner Eva Booth could find time to visit their small town. They knew how to appreciate such kindness.

Though the atmosphere was close and the hour late, the church remained full till turned 10. The Commissioner gave an excellent address, one which must have been a mark on the hearts. We closed by the whole audience singing very heartily, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The income was over \$70. The magnificent home of Mr. Penman, who is at the head of a large manufacturing industry, employing, I hear, 600 hands, was kindly placed at the disposal of the Commissioner.

Woodstock

WELCOMES THE SALVATION WAYFARERS.

From Paris we started next morning, and about noon found ourselves in Woodstock, a busy, industrious town in Oxford County. The travelling was not of the brightest character. Frequent rests were the order of the day. The sun had no pity on us. It seemed to shine equally strong on the just as on the unjust. The dust also spared us not. The hills seemed longer than they were, and I am sure all were glad to hurry off to the hospitable billets provided for us. I know some who rested most of the

afternoon. I know others who sought a respite in the baths.

The large Opera House was our rendezvous at night. Though not full, we had a crowd of over 300 who paid 25 and 10 cents admission. As at Paris, the singing and drilling of Pearl and Willie brought forth hearty clapping and applause.

I forgot to mention that Col. Jacobs returned from Hamilton to Headquarters, and that Major Southall met us at Paris, and will escort us around his Province. He said a few nice things about the playing of the band, which I sincerely hope he meant. He was a great help to the Commissioner in the meetings, and I doubt not will be kind to us poor mortals all the way through. If he isn't I'll let you know.

As I write this report the Commissioner is talking on the great Judgment Day. The audience does not applaud the Commissioner's many characteristic word pictures. Her audiences never do. They sit and think! Oratory, yes! Feeling, yes, intense! Interest, yes, profound! Conviction, yes, quite noticeable! But no applause. It would be out of place. It seems to me that oratory of the right stamp is that which can not so much raise people to a pitch of enthusiasm as to make them see things in a different light to what they did believe what they aforetime discontenanced, and at last by means of sound logic and right reasoning induce them to fall in with the truth and obey it! For this reason many, I believe, are led to God, not so much by way of penitence, form, as in the right-about-face which took place in their hearts, and which ultimately leads them to make their way to the throne of God.

London's Big Go.

The last visit of the Commissioner to London, about July, 1897, is memorable because of the criminal state of the thermometer.

It was an outpoken tribute to the way the London officers advertised the meeting. Capt. Smith, on his bicycle, with a street car going in front, and a large board on either side, with the announcement plainly and tastily printed thereon, had processioned, all by himself, but the centre of attraction, the streets

of London for two weeks. Besides this there were posters, window bills, special invitation tickets, newspaper notices, and a large streamer stretched across the main street. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Phillips well knows what a big one it was, for she stitched the cotton together. The result must have been very gratifying to Major Southall and Staff-Capt. Phillips, and I'm sure their toil was much appreciated by the Commissioner and party.

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Dundas St. Centre Methodist Church, London.

The Staff Band played a selection, and the Commissioner gave her now famous address on her work in the slums.

"Miss Booth in Rags"

has been fully reported in the Cry, so I won't say anything more about it, except that it once more captivated the whole audience. Tears, and interest; smiles, and hearty hearts, had almost an even time of it.

It was about half-past ten when the address was finished, and yet the church remained full. We kept on till quarter to eleven, and closed after singing the doxology.

We shall hear more of that meeting. It was more than a success. It was a triumph. What makes it more remarkable is that on account of the high feeling running through the whole of the city against street car riding, on account of the unjust treatment to which the employees have been subjected, perhaps not half-a-dozen people reached the church

by car, in spite of the drenching rain. I only saw 7 or 8 people in the cars all the afternoon and night. I saw one man throw a large stone through a car window because there was a passenger on board. Hoots, and yells, and cries of "Scab," are as familiar at present to London folks as the day. Seeing these things would naturally be expected to keep at home hundreds who would have been glad to hear the Commissioner. I think you will agree with me that London deserves every praise. Major Southall wears a broad smile, and Adjt. McAmmond sleeps ever so much better. As for Staff-Capt. Phillips, he actually came on to Woodstock so that he could enjoy our presence longer. His bicycle gave out, but he didn't. "Why didn't he get a ——— bicycle," says somebody. "They never break down."

The London papers next morning gave full and glowing reports of the meeting. The income amounted to \$90. Bravo, London!

Ingersoll's Tribute

TO THE COMMISSIONER AND PARTY.

Ingersoll, noted for its cheese, pork, and agricultural implements, a pretty town withal, was next favored with a visit from the Commissioner and Brigade. The town is also recognized as "an Army town." Why, one of the first people I met was Auntie Wright, with her bundle of War Cry. Everybody called her by her name and bought a Cry. I bought one myself, and being in bicycle costume she knew me not. She opened her heart and told me a few things, not forgetting to mention that she has got ahead of the officers so far that they can't catch up. There are over 60 soldiers on the roll. The J. S. work prosper. Sergt.-Major Kennedy, to whom I am indebted for the cuts accompanying this report, told me she has over 80 in attendance, and could form two new companies, in addition to the seven she now has.

It would be difficult for any corps in the world, I believe, to exhibit a more tastefully-arranged, comprehensive library. It was the admiration of all, and evidenced the practical continuous care of the J. S. workers. The regulations are religiously observed, and carefully followed.

Ingersoll is a hard-working corps, and deserves a visit.

The King Street Methodist Church contained a very large crowd at night. The body of the hall was quite full, and the gallery very nearly so. The aud-



Presbyterian Church, Paris, where Commissioner Led. Hooley.

By courtesy of Paris "Review."



King Street Methodist Church, Ingersoll, where the Commissioner's Meeting was Held.

lence was appreciative and evidently well pleased with the service. The Commissioner was very tired, but gave no evidence of it.

Sergt-Major Seids gave us a touching account of what he came through for conscience' sake, and the male quartette sang. Capt. Arnold's violin solos have been much applauded in each place. Willie and Pearl were not strangers in Ingersoll, but all seemed pleased to see and hear them. Their drills have taken splendidly.

I am quite sure that our comrades whom we left in last week to put us in the hands of Capt. Burton and Lieut. Beech will be encouraged to fight harder, and that more and more sympathy and practical assistance will be given them by the town on account of our leader's visit.

Jack, the Commissioner's excellent saddle horse, had been left behind here for a couple of days, the Commissioner going on to London by train.

The "hent" had told upon him, and out of her kind heart the Commissioner decided to give him a rest. He is a faithful beast, and, if he could only speak, who knows but what he would express his thanks to the rider! Jack's chief fault is his anxiety to "get there quick." He travels so fast that he tires himself before the destination is reached, especially when the thermometer is high.

I need not mention the ability of the Commissioner on horseback, for the fact is well-known. The "photographer" took some snapshots of the travelling brigade, which I hope will be good enough to produce in the Cry. With the Commissioner on horseback, and twelve members on bicycles, the expenses were kept down to a mere nothing.

A Red Letter Day in the History of Norwich.

We left Ingersoll early in the morning, and though the sun shone in scorching rays, the roads were, on the whole, excellent, and we all reached Norwich in good time. I say "all," but I must qualify that. Ensign "Dick" Griffith came three-quarters of a mile with us and found he had forgotten something. He went back to fetch it, and came on to catch us up; reached about the same spot, and his tire blew out. He went back once more, got fixed up, and came on his way rejoicing. He made good time, as usual.

Norwich is essentially a farmer's town, though there are three or four not inconsiderable factories. The corps has been opened a long time, the barracks being built over fourteen years ago. The officers acknowledge Simcoe as their District Headquarters, and quite a crowd of soldiers from that corps are over to help us. This is the first visit of our Commissioner to this corps, and the smile on the faces of the officers and soldiers speaks out clearly and unmistakably the welcome they wish to give. The Commissioner stayed at the quarters, and Capt. Rees was all hands, feet and heart the whole day.

The Final Rally at Brantford.

A Hot Week-End.

Brantford's turn came at about the worst time in the year for a series of special salvation meetings. They tell me that by one train alone fourteen ear-

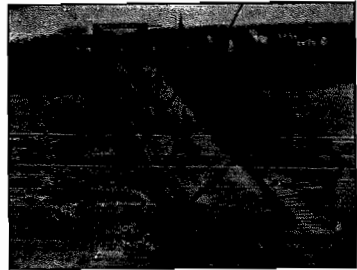
and I must tell you about our visit. What an interesting group of Salvationists came Brantford muster! It was a treat to hear them. Dad Whiffen, the first soldier, once the terror of the whole town; so bad, indeed, that the police were afraid to tackle him. He was nearly asphyxiated a little while ago, and the neighbors tried to resuscitate him by placing hot irons to his heels, burning all the cords. But he was too much of a fighter to lay indoors when the Commissioner was in his town, so he bought a



C. T. R. Bridge, over Grand River, near Paris.

loads of people took advantage of the cheap rates and left town to spend the holidays elsewhere. What the sum total of the exodus was it would be interesting to know. In addition to this, the heat was intense, and not in the least conducive, I assure you, to work like ours. I am sure it must have been a genuine sacrifice of comfort to those who

special pair of boots and came along all smiles. Then, there was Joe Moore, of the colored race, who makes us all laugh, and many others. J. S. S.-M. Lemon showed me, with beaming countenance, the pretty little library he has arranged for the children who attend the Junior meetings. I looked in on Sunday morning and saw the dear boys and girls lis-



Collapse of Portion of Bridge over Grand River, Paris, during Spring Floods, 1899.

appeared at the Wickfield Hall on Sunday. It is the Hall. It is used as a gymnasium by the members of the local Y.M.C.A., consequently all around could be seen the horizontal bars, dumb-bells, ladders, etc., used in the physical department of that organization. Our business, however, is not in that line.

tening well to the words of the Sergeants.

The Sergt-Major seems to revel in his work. He was at great pains to explain to me the working system, and I must say that if any J. S. corps ought

(Continued on page 12)



VIEW OF PARIS, ONT.

Saving the Children.

Conclusion of the Consul's (Mrs. Booth-Tucker's) Address.

In my first paper upon the salvation of the children, when I was trying from memory, at the urgent request of some, to summarize my address at the recent Staff Council, we were dwelling upon those most wonderful words of enlightenment and power, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I was saying that it seemed to me a greater significance was attached to this conclusive statement than was sometimes recognized, and in striving to portray the mind of Christ in His conception of that childhood which illustrated the Kingdom of God, we first dwelt upon the grace of Simplicity. Why should we ignore that peculiar, although perhaps undefinable force which, entering our ranks, riveting our foundations and ornamenting our temple structure, shall prove so great an underlying, interlacing force? Simplicity, parent of reality, offspring of sincerity, how great a charm! how an appeal to the heart of God! how invincible a weapon in the battle for souls! Verily, we see and say with the Master, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Not so the words have less significance when we apply them to the

ENTERPRISE AND ENERGY

of youth.

Who among us has not admired, if not envied the uncompromising, unhesitating daring and dash of childhood? Ah! if we say, years will follow bringing with them sobering and enlightening effect, and the boy and girl to whom all things seem possible to-day will become the conservative, steady-going pillar of tomorrow. But we say it with a tinge of regret in our tone and a sigh as over the inimitable in our hearts!

For do we not feel that if the host of slumbering sinners are to be awakened from their worldliness and guilt; that if the children of light are to keep pace with the powers and plots of darkness, there must be an ever increasing sweep of that holy, restless, insatiable spirit of fire which burns after all quickest and brightest, and is perhaps manifested most desperately and effectively in the hearts and lives of the young—of those who seeing one thing.

GO FOR ONE THING

with all the fixity of purpose, so assurance of zeal and enthusiasm of energy that we find in them of what is said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And then look at the faith of the little ones! While those older grown argue and criticize, the secret of the Lord is revealed unto babes. While we too often doubt the power of the Blood, and the efficacy of the Blood, and the ability of a conquering, keeping Lord, the child cries, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth!" and whatsoever He saith unto them they cry, "Amen."

Yes, yes! It is this spirit of simple sincerity; this simple daring intensity; this spirit of overcoming energy; this spirit of unquestioning faith; in all, this is what we need to-day. For we want in our midst, and without which we shall lose in all those highest and strongest and most prevailing influences which go to make up the Kingdom of Heaven.

But even if this were not so; even if there were to be no enrichment, no betterment of the church at large, no increase in numbers, no triumph to gather the fire in the uprising of a host of sanctified, love-touched and

FIRE-BAPTIZED CHILDREN

in our midst, we should still stand guilty in God's sight if we failed with every power of which we are capable to gather the children in; guilty of neglect; guilty of unbelief; guilty of disbeliever—for has He not said, "Suffer them to come unto Me," and "Forbid them not?" Nor did He say it merely to the Christless throng, who, out of curiosity, or for mere temporal benefit, surrounded Him. No, He was dealing with His disciples (in other words, with His leading officers of that day); and those destined to be the apostles who should fan the fires of His crucifixion and enhance the flames of His Calvary passion, and that life-giving ray should light the whole

world. He said it to those who knew His heart, who had listened to His most powerful teaching, who had witnessed His most telling miracles, who knew something of His sonship, and of His love for the world and something of His great plan for its salvation.

And just so He stands among us to-day; we who are here-front in the fray, upon whose spirit the burden of the war presses, and upon whose ears the clash and crash of a thousand claims hourly fall. And amid all our plans and schemes for the inebriating of the parents, He pleads on behalf of the children, "Let them come! Forbid them not!"

UNTO ME!

Not merely unto mesh of the tidings of His life and death; not merely within range of a system of theories, or ceremonies, or dogmas, but unto Him—a living, personal, saving Christ, who can rectify the young heart as well as the old one, and who can inspire the "child" Jeremiah as well as the veteran Moses.

Not the Army takes its stand here, and it will be increasingly powerful and increasingly great in so far as it legislates and labors for the rising generation; in so far as it takes to them and brings to bear upon them the

VITALIZING, RENOVATING AND UPLIFTING

forces of a living salvation. Therefore, let those of us who are warriors in the fray gird ourselves afresh for the battle struck in the conviction that our work will fall to win the Master's approval and be utterly inadequate to the needs of the hour unless our efforts result in bringing the children unto Him; unless genuine conversion is the outcome. Let us remember that Holy Spirit is pledged to stand behind us, to interpret our words and carry home our teachings and answer our prayers. The Saviour of the lambs knows how to carry them in His bosom; He knows how to pierce the little heart with the shaft of His love; He knows how to woo even the slirping to the hidden glory and honor of Calvary-loss and Calvary-triumph.

THE CHILDREN CAN BE SAVED.

Thousands of changed hearts evidenced by revolutionized lives are bearing testimony to this fact all over the world to-day, and in many instances, even further back than the days of "His Great Deser." As child-saint becoming the child-soldier, and salvation, and inspiration for the salvation of others becomes the growing ambition of the Christ-captured disciple. It has of late become a habit with my own eyes to recognize the early impress of the Spirit's work. Even in babes of two and three years of age I have seen with wonder and praise that Jesus has made His presence unmistakably realized.

I remember the case of a baby girl, not two years old, who would go to sleep with her little hand placed through the bars of the crib of "His Great Deser," as she expressed it. And again another who, after any little childish wrong or forgetfulness, could never rest content with the punishment and kiss or scold or rebuke, but would go to the window, and, gazing up into the skies, with simple baby lipings, would ask forgiveness from that great Parent heart, to Whom neither the old nor the young appeal in vain.

Then look at what Church history reveals. Are not the annals that record the deeds and dyings of the martyrs still more eloquent with what

THE BABES AND BUCKLINGS HAVE SUFFERED?

Is not this crimsoned page touched with a pathos which no saint of older growth could have reached? Has not the divine courage of the parent been even outstripped by the immortal heroism of the tender and trembling child, and from that platform of anguish and blood, does not the child-martyr proclaim that only as an all-possible God, and that His salvation is limited, not to those whom have trodden life's pathway and met its dangers and been marred or destroyed by its influences for a certain number of years, but that He who sanctified by years' presence the adult

and can inspire those who come unto Him even from the earliest awakenings of intelligence with the love and grace which shall save unto the uttermost and save unto the end.

Nor are we without witnesses to that power in the present day. No, we thank God for practical proof of the fact that the child of this generation can be awakened to lofty purpose and inspired with self-creating ambition, and while the test of martyrdom is mercifully spared us, we are nevertheless able to rejoice over hundreds of children with whom the Army comes into personal and daily contact, whose young hearts are filled with love to God, and whose all-absorbing desire in life is to do what they can for the extension of His Kingdom while daily striving to gain those further conquests in grace and knowledge which shall make them spiritual giants in the days to come.

God bless the rising Army, and make it a means of healing in such a final tidal salvation as the church of God has never witnessed, and as shall reach the fullest limits of the world's circumference with its cleansing, sanctifying and fertilizing force!

Backsliding.

By STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD.

Backsliding is the act of turning from the path of duty. It is sometimes a passing thing, and sometimes a true soldier, who do not backslide with the whole intent of their will; or voluntary, when applied to those who have known the truth and wilfully turn from it and live in the open practice of sin or iniquity, when the mind is given over to reprobate hardness, as in the case of Judas, Demas, and others. It is a dreadful sign to meet backsliders who try to injure the very people and organization who have ever sought their good.

Backsliding should not be classed with hypocrisy. They are distinct in their character—the latter is a studied profession of appearing to be what they are not. No real backslider can be regarded as a hypocrite.

A German convert at the Temple (yesterday) attributed backsliding in its first stages to simple laziness. In illustrating he said: "I had some very special work to do lately, requiring very late hours. In my room was a couch, on which I often enjoyed a leisure hour. One night I was unable to get to rest, and I said to myself, I will just take one half-hour's rest, but the half-hour resulted in my sleeping much longer, so I found myself so neglected and spoiled. The next night I removed the couch from the room and was not tempted to rest." So with anything that would cause you to neglect a duty in God's service, remove the hindrance or the cause of your punishment. I do not find one excuse for backsliding in the precious Word of God, but there is a glorious remedy offered to all who will return—an abundant pardon.

We do not seek grace from a graceless face.

Salvation never was designed to make our pleasures less.

Character is not determined by organization—angels fell. Character is not determined by circumstances—in their own habitation angels became depraved. Angels were not saved by punishment. It is proportionate to privilege. What will be our punishment if, surrounded by an army of Blood-washed and sanctified people (who live in the atmosphere of holiness), we fall into sin and become depraved? God help us to improve our privileges.

How many we meet make excuses for sin. Many blame our soldiers, circumstances, people, etc. The Word is full of characters of the same kind as Eve's plea—"the serpent." Esau after he had sold his birthright accused his brother of supplanting by the Word is full of the golden calf, and Sam, for sparing the cattle, they went contrary to the express commands of the Almighty, yet they laid the blame on the people.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust
—Shelley.

My Maiden Tour

IN THE C. O. P.

By MAJOR TURNER.
(Continued.)

After saying good-bye to our comrades at Little Current, we boarded the steamer, "Harry Sound," and after nearly 24 hours' sail, arrived at the pretty town of MEAFORD. Our boat was somewhat late, therefore the meeting was well under weigh when we arrived. A hearty welcome was tendered us and the meeting was continued until about 11 p.m. Several held up their hands for prayer, and one soul came to the Mercy Seat, Capt. Rennie and Lieut. Craig have done a splendid work here since re-opening, and we predict a prosperous future for the S. A. in this town. Mother Thompson has been faithful to the S. A. all the years that the Army has been out of the town; it was tendered us and the meeting was continued until about 11 p.m. Several held up their hands for prayer, and one soul came to the Mercy Seat, Capt. Rennie and Lieut. Craig have done a splendid work here since re-opening, and we predict a prosperous future for the S. A. in this town. Mother Thompson has been faithful to the S. 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REVELSTOKE, R. C.—One soul on Sunday night found pardon. We are in for building up the Kingdom of God.—Capt. Fisher.

NORTH SYDNEY.—Wonderful time Sunday night. Lieuts. Cook, Carter and Fletcher, from Mld., on their way to Montreal, were with us from Saturday night until Wednesday. People delighted, officers and comrades would have liked to keep them with us. Beautiful meetings all day Sunday; immense crowd at night. Their solos, duets and trios were much appreciated. The corps post as usual was ready with some appropriate verses.—Minnie Pike.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Since last report, two weeks ago, God has blessed us and given us victory. Eugin Crichton held a half-night of prayer, which was a time of blessing resulting in three souls in the Fountain. This week we had for week-end Lieut.-Colonel Margzets. His meetings on Sunday were powerful, and resulted in two souls at the top, and which we praise God. The Colonel also re-commissioned our old S.-M., Brother Peter Jadis.—Treas. McPhce.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—Staff-Captain Gage has paid this corps a visit, and a right royal welcome we gave him. The Staff-Captain went down like an angel with the soldiers and friends. Collections and crowds largest for years. One soul Sunday night. Soldiers working splendidly. There are rumors of a string band being formed. Great Falls for end and our General is in the city.—Nightingale, for Arthur Sheard, Capt.

"Given in Charge."

LETHBRIDGE.—Our G. B. M. Agent and his workers have been greatly blessed, as well as our corps, by the visit of Eugin Perry, the Financial Special for the North-West. The Eugin gave us a magic luncheon service entitled, "Given in Charge," to the entire satisfaction of all present and at another meeting gave a representation of the two tables, viz., the devil's table and God's table. The Lord's table was filled with good things provided for the use of our body, while that of the devil's table was laid out with all his Majesty's paraphernalia, such as cards, dice, pistol, handcuffs, etc. At the close of the meeting the Eugin gave us a few encouraging words to "go on." He was pleased with the progress of our corps, and above all that we were racing with Moose Jaw in the G. B. M. collection. The result of the Lord's table sale brought up the collection, and we feel safe to say we are still in the field for honors. On Sunday we had four brothers out for sanctification and also the return of two dear brothers.—Reg. Cor.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Sunday, from early morn till late at night, the Lord was with us. The Lord's table collection was the main feature. We are still believing for greater victories.—M. Richards, Lieutenant, for S. Mercer, Capt.

OMEMER.—Since last report Captain Culbert has farwelled, and we now welcome Capt. Lott as our leader. Sunday we had with us Lieut. Adjt. Miller from Vancouver, from Lindsay, also Sister Lamb, from Penelon Falls. We closed the meeting at night with one soul won for the Kingdom.—R. C.

VICTORIA still to the front. Last converts real good. God bless them! Officers away for week-end Adjt. Miller from Vancouver, Capt. Gooding to Nanaimo, Capt. Jabin holding on for them splendidly.—M. L.

ST. GEORGE'S.—Capt. Flewning and Lieut. Martin with us on Thursday night, everybody glad to see them. Both sang solos, which were much appreciated. The meetings are all well attended, although the weather is hot. Deep conviction in every meeting.—H. S. C. C.

RICHMOND ST.—Adjt. Mrs. McLean farwelled, also Lieuts. Poole and Ash. Brig. Mrs. Read, Major Stewart and Sergt.-Major Naylor, with us Sun-

day night. Souls were saved. One old lady came on, and then went and died with her daughter, who has since given herself to God. Capt. Rose and Lieut. Trickey hold the reins for victory.—N. R. T.

A Forty-Year Tobacco Fiend Finds Salvation.

DILLON, Mont.—Good crowds of late. Things are going up all round. One big fish caught. Has been a drunkard, tobacco fiend and swearer for 60 years. Says the past week has been the happiest of his life. Others trying to be saved through the influence of recent meetings. Had Staff-Captain Gage with us two days. Good crowds, and collections. O. K.—Lieut. Jessie E. Long, for Eugin May.

LIPPINCOTT.—We have had good meetings this past week. Sunday afternoon in University grounds, a large crowd stood and listened in spite of the rain. Many were deeply convicted. We are having some to see them saved.—Cadet Carwardine.

VIRDEN.—One soul for salvation this week, and thank God our little band of soldiers are staying with the fight well.—Western Rover.

BLENEHIM.—Tuesday we had an ice cream social, which was well attended. Capt. Wells and Freeman, with comrades from Ridgeway, in attendance. Capt. Huntington gave a piece accompanied by a Junior ten years of age, on the monthorn and a sister on the auto-harp. Wednesday night we had the first visit from our new D. O. At. Combs. We had a grand time. Good march and open-air Saturday night, also good meetings inside on Sunday.—Tim Groom.

ANNAPOLES.—God has owned and blessed the Army here the past two weeks. Two souls at a cottage meeting and two in the town. Capt. Logan Smith conducted the funeral service of Sister Mrs. Moore's little one. May the dear Saviour bless and comfort the bereaved parents.—M. R. R. C.

WATFORD.—We were very pleased to have Adjt. and Mrs. Adams with us on Sunday afternoon and night. We had some beautiful meetings. They were times of inspiration and blessing.—Mrs. E. Collier, R. C.

HALIFAX.—On Thursday and Friday nights, at No. 1 and 2 corps, we had the honor of a visit from the distinguished warrior, Lieut.-Colonel Margzets. We are all pleased to have him with us. His addresses and singing were much appreciated. Nine souls at the Cross for salvation were the visible results of these meetings. Crowds good, considering the state of the weather, and on Sunday good meetings. Adjt. McNamara led the meetings afternoon and night. Two souls for pardon. Hallelujah!—Treas. Cashin.

Bound to Beat Her 100.

ST. THOMAS.—We had a good day here on Sunday. Good attendance at the knee-drill. Everybody testified to being wonderfully blessed. The meetings were splendid and indoor meetings all on conquering lines. Quite a number have found Jesus since Capt. Elshay has been in St. Thomas. Two more came last Sunday night. Our Lieutenant feels quite clear this week. Mr. Editor, at seeing her name in large type in the boomer's list for selling 100 War Crys, she intends to do so again, or better still before she leaves St. Thomas.—G. H. C.

ST. JOHN I.—The rush and stir of the councils and big meetings is over. Lieut.-Colonel Margzets goes back to Canada and the different officers to their appointments full of faith and push for the good catch of souls for the harvest market. Your humble servant has received orders to St. John I. to assist Adjt. and Mrs. Dowell. On arriving found the corps in good working condition. 250 soldiers, the reg. and three of the right stamp for the work in this

part of the island. Quite a number of souls saved on Sunday night—P. Oxford, Capt.

SEAFOORTH.—Since last report some interesting meetings have been held. One was an ice cream and music social. The program was somewhat of a novel feature. Captain gave some fine music from "Salvation Army." The people were very much delighted, so was the Captain when he found \$10 was the income. Our hall was crowded on Sunday night. Everything looks good. Great things expected.—R. T.

BEAR RIVER.—On Sunday morning four precious comrades came out for perfect cleansing. We have reason to believe they got what they sought. Amen!

WINDSOR, Ont.—We were disappointed last week when we had our Major and Mrs. Southall could not come. But with the same message it is that the Chancellor, Staff-Captain Phillips, would do his best to fill the bill. The people said that they could have listened to him all night. We all say, "Amen, a staff, and bring your better half with you. Three big things on Sunday—big marches, big crowds outside and in, big collections, and big things in the near future.—R. Blackburn, Adjt.

A Family Party at St. Kitts

ST. CATHARINES.—Roll call, everybody shouting happy. It was a welcome home meeting. One dear sister said she got saved three years ago, but thought she could be good outside of the S. A.; she backslid, but was determined to be a soldier now. As the Secretary said, it was like a big family united, everybody so glad to see everybody else. Sunday night while in the open-air a lady stopped her horse and banded the Lieutenant a box of strawberries. God bless the lady. Open-air a rouser, inside was a scorching, every meeting getting better. I must not forget Thursday night's victory. Two prodigals in the Fountain and others in pickle. Sunday, meetings good all day. Bro. Dryker has joined the War Cry staff as a promising boomer.—Pub. Sergt.-Major.

A Sister Takes up the Collection.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Sark.—We have this week to report a farewell and a welcome. Lieutenant Russell, who has fought well with us for six months, has gone to Moose Jaw, and Cadet McLeod has come to take her place. May God bless and prosper them both in their new fields of labor. Things are looking up here; we are encouraged by seeing deep conviction in our meetings, and God is blessing our open-air work. Last night an unsaved man took up the open-air spiritual collection. He ought to be a Salvationist.—In his service, G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

RAT PORTAGE.—Tuesday we had a song service, consisting of several solos and duets, also duets on banjo and monthorn, and a trait by two violins and a cornet. Everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. Thursday night, street concert; the crowds were not large but had a good time. With the ice cream social on Friday evening we had a good night, which kept some away, but those who came put in an enjoyable time. Sunday night, and all day, good crowds.—M. E. H. R. C.

CARBONNEAR, Nfld.—Had two special last night, Cadets Simmons and Wilson, from St. John's. A beautiful time; many were convicted, although none yielded.—Lieut. T. and E.

ATROTA.—One since last report another soul has found pardon. We thank God for the past victories, and we thank Him beforehand for the victories which we are going to have.—M. Mainland, Capt.

TILT COVE for God! We are still riding. Saturday night was a welcome meeting to Capt. J. Green, after an ab-

sence of five years. He has come to Tilt Cove for a three month's rest. We gave him a real good welcome. He was with us all day on Sunday. We had a wonderful time, and finished up at night with two souls in the Fountain.—Lander Smart.

NORTH SYDNEY, C. R.—We are having real hot meetings here lately. Our new Adjt. Magee, with the help of three Hallelujah Officers, on their way from Newfoundland to New Brunswick, spent Saturday and Sunday here. The Adjt. and comrades felt so overjoyed by their help they gave them a short farewell song before they left.

SELKIRK, Man.—Arriving here in this little town all O. K., we found here a band of Blood-and-Fire soldiers. Four believers have come to the Mercy Seat for full salvation, and one backslider returned during the past week. Our worthy D. O., Adjt. Cass, accompanied by Capt. Stobbs, Cadet McMillan, Bandmaster Wind and others, gave us a week-end visit, and a very profitable time was spent. We had large and attentive audiences. Good, liberal offerings received; and on Sunday evening the power of God was upon the people. For a year, some for years Winnipeg special.—Capt. and Mrs. Westcott.

Odds and Ends.

FROM THE W. O. P.

By MRS. STAFF-CAPT. PHILLIPS.

IN a certain corps we have a husband and wife, both locals. They are living on a farm and employ several men, and you may judge what kind of Salvationists they are when I tell you that every one who has worked for them up to the present, has got saved. They have quite a little corps in their house.

We heard a colored brother recently give his testimony, something after this fashion: "Some folks run well for a year, some for two years; but I see nothing to go back for, and by God's help I mean to plow my furrow to the end."

"My eyes have seen him! My eyes have seen him! I've heard of him, and read of him, and longed to see him for many years." So said a brother in a meeting recently, referring to Adjt. Blackburn, whom we thought everybody knew, however, we presume that our brother will die in peace, now that he has his heart's desire satisfied.

We know a soldier in this Province, a widow and nearly seventy years old, who came her living by washing, and never forgets her cardigan. Readers may attach their own moral.

Two gentlemen gave a dollar bill each to the collection taken up by the London corps in the park on Sunday afternoon. They also got appreciation, and was thankfully received.

Eugin Gamble, while lending a meeting in Woodstock jail about five weeks ago, had the joy of lending a soul to Jesus. He comes regularly to the meetings and gives his testimony. A woman also got saved in the same jail two weeks since.

There is a Lieutenant on the London Staff, who, some years ago, unfortunately lost his left leg. There is also a comrade in the corps who met with a similar accident, but the limb he lost was the right one; and if you had been in the city one day last week, you could have seen the unique sight of our two comrades going into a store and buying one pair of boots between them. The clerk, after a good laugh, threw off half the price too. How is that for economy?



The Field Commissioner's Tour.

The recent tour of our untiring leader through West Ontario, accompanied by the Staff Band, has been a very successful one in every respect. The crowds have been large and appreciative, souls have found salvation and purity, finances have been exceptionally good, and expenses comparatively small, as a great many railway fares were saved on account of the party travelling by wheels, the Commissioner by saddle horse. Major Southall deserves much praise for the arrangements in every place visited, which greatly helped in making the meetings successful and adding much to the comfort of the party.



Dr. McKay, M.P.P., Ingersoll,

At whose home the Commissioner was billeted.

(London Advertiser.)

SHE BECAME LIKE UNTO THEM.

Why Commissioner Evangeline Booth was Glad In Rag.

Thrilling Stories of a Devoted Woman's Work in the Slums of London.

The announcement that Commissioner Evangeline Booth would speak at the Dundas Street Central Methodist Church last evening drew an audience that completely filled the large church, many persons standing throughout the evening.

The lecture in this city last evening was Commissioner Booth's first appearance in London in the costume worn by her in her work among the poor of London, Eng. She wore a ragged plaid shawl over her shoulders, and crossed in front, and her fingers toyed with the frayed ends as she spoke. A torn white apron half concealed a tattered gray calico dress, under beneath which peeped coarse broken shoes laced with twine. Aside from its immaculate cleanness, the make-up was plain, and would pass unchallenged in the most squalid court in Old London.

On the platform with the Commissioner were Major and Mrs. Southall, Ensign Welch and Willie and Pearl, two pretty little mites, charges of Miss Booth's. Rev. Dr. Saunders, the pastor, opened the meeting with prayer.

Major Southall spoke briefly, introducing Miss Booth, who was here two years ago.

Miss Booth came forward and sang sweetly an old favorite Salvation Army hymn, accompanying herself on an accordion. Then in a low, pleasant voice she began to speak. Her work was so well known that she needed no apology for appearing in that peculiar garb. Many people wanted to know how she was able to go into the blackest, foulest haunts of vice and crime and poverty in the world and win the confidence of the unhappy people who lived there. Those people hated with a hot, bitter hatred all whose condition was happier and more prosperous than their own, and it was only by means of such a disguise that they could be approached. As a foreign singing girl, or a water carrier girl, Commissioner Booth was wont to go among them.

The vital part of Miss Booth's lecture was in the narration of incidents of her work in the London slums. It would be impossible to reproduce Miss Booth's stories. She lived them over again as she told them, and the audience saw them as they portrayed by some great tragedienne. The sickening brutality, the woe of want, the bitter, burning shame and black despair on those lives came home to the listeners with fearful reality. And then the magic transformation wrought by the love and sympathy of one devoted woman was shown.

At times the audience was as one in a torrent of passion and they seemed to choke and burn her; again her speech was filled with poetic fire, as she turned for a moment from the black foulness of sin to contemplate the beauties of nature with a poet's passionate love. There were flashes of playful humor, too, as sunny and careless as a child's laughter. But through it all shone a beautiful, intense, devoted love and sympathy for the poor and the suffering. Love, sympathy, sacrifice and action—these were the keys, she said, which had opened to her the hearts of the criminal, the poor and the sorrowful.

The entire lecture was intensely interesting, powerful and dramatic, and the audience listened with almost breathless attention for two hours.

COMMISSIONER'S TOUR

(Continued from page 9.)

to rise, that corps is Brantford. The Band of Love is not forgotten. The J.S. roll contains the names of 18 children who profess conversion. Push on, Sergeant-Major Lemon, you are moulding the characters of future S. A. officers.

The barracks was opened away back in '85, and the soldiers who make it their "heaven below" are many of them, veterans. Adjt. McEargh commands the battalion, and being a veteran (having seen some rough days in the Army's career in Quebec) knows how to fight. The Army has the practical sympathy of the whole town, and the Self-Deceit and Harvest Festival efforts appeal to all classes favorably.

As to the town from a business standpoint, it is a regular "Birmingham." Many large factories, employing hundreds of hands, are located here, and are at present under full pressure.

Near here is the famous Mohawk Indian Reserve. Every spring the Grand River rises to flood point, owing to the melting of the snows, and many houses and much land are under water. The annual damage list reaches a large figure. The Council is at present considering the advisability of expending \$98,000 on bridges, dams, etc., in order to prevent this unwelcome spring visitation.

the whole party, from the Commissioner down, when I express a word of thanks to all the kind friends who have thrown open their homes to us and done what laid in their power to make our stay under their roof pleasant. "The cup of cold water," given in the name of the Lord, will yet be rewarded.

"Then also a word of thanks to the officers who so ably arranged things for us, and seemed to think it a pleasure to do us a favor. We have been glad to meet them, to give them a lift, and shall pray that their work in the corps and town will be made easier and more successful by our visit.

Last, thanks to Major Southall for his genial presence, for his nice compliments he paid us, and for the refreshments he treated us to when we were hot. In the Major's case, "a glass of cold lemonade," given with a good will, shall not lose its reward.

My report closes here and I say "Good-bye!"—A.



COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary,

will visit

NELSON, B. C., Sat. and Sun., July 15, 16.
ROSSLAND, B. C., Monday, July 17.
SPOKANE, Wash., Toca. and Wed., July 18, 19.
VICTORIA, B. C., Friday, July 21.
VANCOUVER, B. C., Sat. and Sun., July 22, 23.

MAJOR TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Lippincott, Sunday, July 16.
Aurora, Thursday, July 20.
Newmarket, Friday, July 21.
Bridgewater, Sat. and Sun., July 22, 23.
Ahme Harbor, Monday, July 24.
Huntsville, Tuesday, July 25.
North Bay, Wednesday, July 26.
Sudbury, Thursday to Sunday, July 27 to 30.
Gravenhurst, Monday, July 31.
Barrie, Tuesday, August 1.

Whereabouts of Financial Specialists.

ADJT. WISEMAN.

Toronto, Thurs., July 13, to Wednesday, July 19.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.

Vancouver, Thurs., July 13, to Wednesday, July 19.

ENSIGN OTTAWAY.

Winnipeg, Thurs. and Fri., July 13, 14.
Port Arthur, Sat., July 15, to Wed., July 19.

ENSIGN COLLIER.

Staples, Thursday, July 13.
Tilbury, Friday, July 14.
Chatham, Sat. and Sun., July 15, 16.
Chambersville, Monday, July 17.
Bottwell, Tuesday, July 18.
Dresden, Wednesday, July 19.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Pembroke, Thursday, July 13.
Renfrew, Friday, July 14.
Aurora, Sat., Sun. and Mon., July 15, 16, 17.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Glen Levitt, Thursday, July 13.
Dahousie, Friday, July 14.
Campheltton, Sat. and Sun., July 15, 16.
Newcastle, Monday, July 17.
Chatham, Tues. and Wed., July 18, 19.

ENSIGN STAIGERS.

Sand Cones, Thursday, July 13.
Killepith, Sat. and Sun., July 15, 16.
Spokane, Tues. and Wed., July 18, 19.

MRS. AGGIE THOMAS,

A soldier of Fairville, N.S. Was G. B. M. Agent for two years, before becoming a soldier. Both parents (Danell) have been Salvationists for about twelve years.

What the Newspapers Said

ABOUT THE

Field Commissioner's Visit

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.)

THE COMMISSIONER SPEAKS.

Miss Eva Booth's Stirring Address in the Opera House.

Those Who Would be Saved a Great Multitude Whom no Man Could

Number—The Question of Noise—An Enjoyable Program Throughout.

Commissioner Eva Booth, and the famous Staff Band, of the Salvation Army, always draw a crowd, and last night was no exception to the rule. The pit and first gallery of the Opera House were well filled by representative townspeople. The program provided was a most enjoyable one. The Staff Band, under the leadership of Staff-Captain Morris, rendered several excellent selections, for they are a really first-class organization. Staff-Capt. Morris sang a solo. A mixed quartette received loud applause, as did the violin solo by one of the bandmen, and the string quartette. The enjoyable feature of the evening was the singing and musical duets of little Willie and Pearl, two of Miss Booth's adopted children who travel with her.

Miss Booth's Address.

Commissioner Booth was assisted by Major Southall, of London, who took charge of the program. After it had been completed Miss Booth made a stirring address, speaking from Revelations. She said these verses were among her favorites in the Bible, for they told of places where she was confident she would be, and where she would be. "Who are these white-robed in Glory?" asked Miss Booth. It does not matter who they are on earth, whether they live in palaces or cottages, whether they live on the fashionable square or in the narrow, dark alley, whether high or low in this world's reckoning, all who were saved by the Blood of the Lord would be there. The speaker also touched upon the coming question in religion. People had asked her why they had made so much noise about their religion, and she in turn had told them that she wondered how they could keep so quiet about theirs. She was proud of the Army and she grew more so every day she lived, and was confident that hundreds and thousands of Salvationists would occupy places in the front ranks of the army of the world to come. She concluded with a word of prayer for everyone to seek salvation and work to save souls, so that their names might be inscribed on the Lamb's Book of Life, and in the assigned places in the white-robed group.

The meeting was brought to a close by singing, "Will you go?" and a benediction pronounced by Major Southall.



A Cooling Drink by the Wayside.

Our musical meeting on Saturday night was the best for liberty and real effectiveness in the music line so far. The audience seemed pleased with what talent we possessed, and at the close, while the male quartette was singing, "Hark, there comes a whisper," two men (one a soldier who had fallen only that day) volunteered to the front, and I believe got right.

Major Southall conducted the Sunday morning meeting; a particularly good one it was, too.

The Wickliffe Hall was not full in the afternoon, a circumstance we all expected owing to the weather, and the heat of the day. The Commissioner appeared quite strong, and apparently has recovered from the attack of sickness under which she has been laboring. The audience gave her a very hearty hand-clasp as a welcome, and also an attentive hearing, though the heat was unmistakably oppressive. We counted five at the Mercy Seat before the service came to a close.

I must not forget those three open-airs on the Market Square, nor the crowds. They gave their money freely. They ought to be all standing with us, instead of around us. God bless them!

The Wickliffe Hall was full, it has little rendition. On Sunday night it was positively out of the question to feel comfortable in it. The place was full and even the entrance crowded with people standing. The fact that such a large crowd was present, under such an inconvenience, was a silent acknowledgment of the interest the speaker had aroused in their hearts. The Commissioner in this last meeting of the trip gave every evidence of being just as anxious about the souls of her listeners as she did in the first meeting at Hamilton. Even the return of the local volunteers, with their bugle band, could not draw one away, though we could plainly hear the "Hurrahs" of the crowd outside.

Three souls sought pardon ere we closed the meeting. The finances were about 150% better than they were on the occasion of the last visit of the Brigade. Remembering the adverse features, I consider our visit a glowing success.

Thus concluded our tour on wheels, except that we journeyed back to Hamilton (25 miles) on Monday morning, had a farewell dinner, of which Ensign Fletcher was the caterer, and despatched for his apartment at two p.m. by boat for Toronto, once more to resume our daily duties with pen, typewriter and books.

I am sure I speak out the wishes of

Features of My Eastern Tour.

By THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

My trip through the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland is now a thing of the past. It involved an absence from home of six weeks, the travelling of 4008 miles, the conducting of 27 open-air gatherings and 48 indoor meetings, the examination of 15 full sets of Corps and other books, with interviews and correspondence galore thrown in.

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From the commencement of the tour at Fredericton, N. B., to the completion thereof at Windsor, N. S., God was with us, blessing, using and crowning the united, untiring, whole-hearted efforts of Provincial, Staff and other officers and their respective troops, who so enthusiastically did their utmost to make each public engagement a significant success, and to all and every one of whom the Territorial Secretary is profoundly grateful.

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That God's presence accompanied us is not only evidenced by the outpouring of His Spirit, realized and felt in the meetings, but in the three following facts which were seen:—

- 1.—In EVERY public engagement held in New Brunswick and Newfoundland, we had one or more souls.
- 2.—The total number of seekers during the tour amounted to 157.
- 3.—Among this number were nine elderly ladies and gentlemen, whose ages must have ranged from 50 to 80 years. It did us good to see these aged ones, with gray hairs and trembling limbs, seeking God. Four or five married couples also knelt side by side at the Mercy Seat. The large majority, however, were young people, two being relatives—respectively to Adjutant Wiseman and Ensign Fox.

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I like the "Citadel" recently built in St. Johns, Newfoundland, not so much for its attractive arrangement of beauty, as for its practical use. It is A1 for getting at and dealing effectively with the people, which is the chief issue and consideration with all true Salvationists.

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The new barracks, Windsor, N.S., is "not too bad," and with a little rearrangement as to seats, etc., will well fill a long-felt need.

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To enter our hall at Fredericton since it has been re-decorated conveys the impression that someone has a decent amount of respect as to the appearance of God's house. Its present appearance is certainly creditable. The same impression would, I should say, be made upon visitors to the barracks at St. John I. and III, and Springhill, where Ensign Fraser and his Cadet were, the day we arrived still busy with paint and brush adding color to the cause.

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Gospel truth, as of old, is, when wielded in the power of the Spirit, "effective to the pulling down" of sin, and it has been my joy lately, as the result of God's truth pressed upon the consciences of men by the Holy Spirit, to see all kinds of evil renounced, and of idols surrendered, from a pack of cards, a plug and a pipe, to misplaced affection, and from unsupplied talents and time, to a box of cigars.

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I met quite a few of the "sick and wounded" courages on rest who rightly claim, and who think, I can safely say, "fully have" our deep sympathy. Among these were Adj. and Mrs. Hunter, Ensign J. K. Miller, Mrs. Payne and Ensign Penny, all of whom will be glad to be remembered in the prayers of our War Cry readers.

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Touring is not always the easiest of work. Take two days' program as a sample:—

1. Rose at 4:30 a.m. and did a few books before breakfast. Started for next corps at 8 o'clock, arriving about noon. Busy at correspondence during afternoon till 6. On march at 7:30. Coupled at intervals during interval. In meeting till 10:20. Retired at 11 p.m.
2. Rise at 1:35, Standard Time, and drive 15 miles to catch the 4:50 a.m.



How the Commissioner's Meetings were Announced in London.

train. Travelling till 3:30 p.m. At books till 6:30. Ten. On march at 7:30. In meeting till 10:30. Few interviews afterwards. Retire at 11:30.

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Nothing pleased me more than to see the interest taken in the Juniors in most of the leading corps. I visited the company meeting at Bay Roberts, St. John's New Glasgow and Windsor and in response to the kindly invitation of the Band of Love workers at Harbor Grace witnessed the various classes in operation, and had a word with the young folks. There is no more important work in the Army than the development and training of the children for God and the War.

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The loyalty and affection of the Newfoundland Salvationists still abides like the morning sun. How shall I ever forget these wonderful meetings in Bay Roberts and St. John's, and particularly that last meeting with the officers? It was simply Pentecost again.

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Met Major and Mrs. Pickering with that portion of the rising generation (3) at Montreal, and had our first brief and hurried luncheon together—the Major still son-sick and sun-burnt, Mrs. Pickering just recovering and feeling the better of the two. Apart from this I reserve my opinion with the one prophesy that the East is going to B-O-O-M!

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Look out for a write-up of Newfoundland in the near future.—J. B. M.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

Adj. Goodwin's Farewell Trip—Arrprior, Renfrew and Pembroke Visited.

I have just returned from my farewell trip through the Ottawa District. Lieut. Brooklets and myself started on Monday, June 28th, for Arrprior, travelling 20 miles by train and 20 by wheel. Upon our arrival there we found Capt. Magee alone, but happy. We had a good 'acquit' and commissioned several new L.O's. The Juniors sang a nice song to us, and in the prayer meeting we found God's convicting Spirit had been at work, for tears fell freely from sinners' eyes. We were sorry that we had to leave them feeling the smart of their sins without salvation. Good-bye Arrprior, when you get that Newfoundland Lieutenant you will be complete.

We were off to Renfrew on Tuesday morning and found hard roads to wheel over; we met with hills, sand, rocks, and thought of the song, "Rocks and storms we fear no more," etc. No officers are here, but faithful Treas. Gillan is holding the fort. We marched out four strou at night, had quite a lengthy open-air, returned to the barracks, and enjoyed a nice and free meeting. Adj. Read and spoke about the Gospel net. Lieutenants sang, "They never say goodbye in heaven," and we closed, praying God to pour out His Spirit upon the place. Lieuts. McFarlane and Randall have since been appointed here.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, as far as possible, and will send wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert st., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

C. C. WAGSTAFF, aged 25, medium height, very fair hair and complexion, employed at fur trade. Last known address Winnipeg. Friends enquire. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

AUSTIN HINTON, last heard of in Chapeau, Ont. Brother very anxious to know his whereabouts. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

W. A. TIPPETS, was once Baptist minister of Galloway, Ont., U. S. A. Intended going into the American war, but was mustered out, and gave his address as Wheatland, N. Dakota. Wife in great distress. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DONALD W. SMITH, age 45 years, dark complexion, has a red mark on back of neck. Address four years ago was 50 Mills House, Clinton, B.C. Aged parents anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

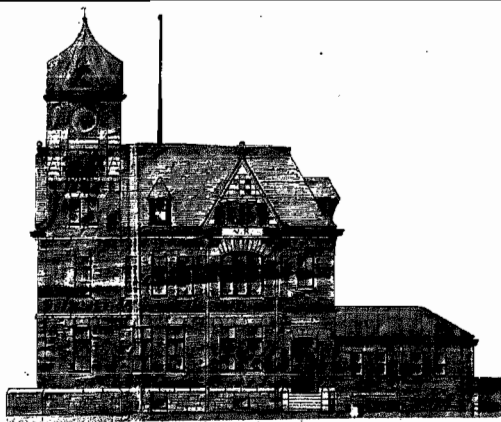
HENRY JOHN KEARNS, 23 years of age, height 5 ft. 4 inches, fair complexion. Last heard of in Vancouver, B. C., May 18th, 1898. May have gone to Klondike. Mother in New Zealand enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

(Second insertion.)

HANS PETER GERTSEN. Born in Kastrup, Vordingborg. In 1894 he was in Spokane, Wash. Occupation, miller. Sister enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

NELSON HENRY MUIRHEAD, Age 38, brown curly hair, blue eyes, freckled skin, 5 ft. 6 in. in height. Left Innisfil, near Barrie, in March, 1885. Supposed to have gone to Alaska. Mother enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

ROBERT BAILY or BAILY CRAIG. Left Lucknow, Ont., about 17 years ago. Last heard of in Minneapolis, Wisconsin, U. S. A. Worked at blacksmithing. May have gone to North Carolina or Winnipeg. Address Enquiry Winnipeg.



New Post Office, Ingersoll.

Making a Fortune.

It is often said of certain men that they have been the architects of their own fortunes. So must every one be. But may indeed, but that million is not a fortune to him unless he makes it so. Quite likely it may prove to be his worst misfortune. Nature may endow another with fine eyesight, but if he uses his eyes mainly in the search for things degrading—if, through them, he takes delight in abominations, his eyes are his misfortune. And so of all possessions. It is what we do with them that makes them a fortune or a misfortune to us.—S. S. Times.

Pembroke. We were billed here for two nights, the train being late it only landed us in after the meeting had been started. This place is Lieutenant's home, of course her old comrades and friends gave her quite a welcome. Thursday night was a better crowd. You ought to have heard the Presbyterians brother talk. He got wonderfully fired. A nice lot of Christians testified (including the Rev. Mr. White). No one got converted at this meeting, but we were all blessed. Ensign Walker has worked very hard. He now farewells and goes in charge of Barre, Vt. Go on, Pembroke, God is with the S. A. yet. Never give in.—A. Goodwin, D. O.

Do not to-day thou mayst regret to-morrow;

For though to-day may die, its ghost will linger,

And haunt you with a ceaseless sigh of sorrow,

And point remorse with an accusing finger,

Say no unkindly word, or like an ember

In a dead fire a breath will blow it living.

The worst of punishment is to remember

When tears are vain and wrongs are past forgiving.

—Charles Lotin Hildreth.

Hustlers' Confab

Short and Sweet!!!

ARAB REGAINING THE LEAD!

But Nigger One Ahead Behind!

THE EASTERN STAR RISING!

My notes this week will be few and short; reason: I am not writing them myself, but somebody else is doing them for me.

Nigger would still be in the lead this week, only Arab went him one better, and so took his accustomed lead again. Arab does not like to be second, and who will blame him?

Otherwise the position of the Provincial Steeds is little altered, they are about in the same order. Try some red pepper in small quantities mixed in the hay. It is good for the blood in hot weather.

Brigadier Sharp would be generally out of it, were it not for Adj. Dowell, who faithfully sends in his hustlers' names. Why cannot our Newfoundland boomers insist upon their officers sending their names to the War Cry? A postcard will do, it is hardly fair that the many industrious War Cry hustlers of the Island have no recognition in the War Cry.

A matter of much congratulation is the way the hustlers' lists are continuing to come in from Major McMillan, and Brigadier Howells' domains.

Next week I'll be back again to write the notes myself, and then I shall write about some more interesting things.



"Hello, Brigadier S—, do you want a horse? Here is a grand puller for hire."

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

95 Hustlers.

CAPT. CARR, Brantford	178
CAPT. BURROWS, Chatham	150
MRS. CAPT. McLEOD, Galt	140
CAPT. CLARK, London	140
LIEUT. KITCHEN, Woodstock	128
CAND. FOSTER, Petrolia	100
LIEUT. RINGLER, Petrolia	100
Sister Bond, Wingham	95
Sergt.-Major Bateman, Stratford	95
Lieut. Horwood, Goderich	87
Lieut. Fyfe, Clinton	85
Sergt. Gamble, Woodstock	75
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	75
Sister Liebrook, Leamington	75
Capt. Co, Sarnia	74
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	72
Lieut. Hookin, Wallaceburg	72
Capt. Strick, Dresden	70
Mrs. Adj. Hughes, Stratford	70
Capt. Eiddonott, Stratford	70
Sister Dickinson, St. Thomas	70
Lieut. Pickle, St. Thomas	70
Lieut. Stickle, London	65
Capt. Slote, Hespeler	65
Capt. Copeman, Seaford	65
Capt. Howcroft, Wyoming	60
Sergt. Brindley, Carleton Place	60
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	57
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia	57

P. S. M. E. Smith, Guelph	55
Capt. Hollet, Cambridge	50
S. M. Crawford, Paris	49
Cand. Dennis, Guelph	49
Lieut. Yeomans, Tilsonburg	45
Capt. Rees, Norwich	45
Capt. Freeman, Richmond	45
Capt. Heater, Clinton	40
Sister Kenyon, Leamington	40
Capt. Haley, Bayfield	40
Sergt. M. Scott, Guelph	37
Capt. Jarvis, Bradford	37
Ses. Gifford, Sturace	35
Sergt. M. Dealing, Hespeler	35
Sergt. Mrs. Graham, Thamesville	35
Lieut. Beech, Ingersoll	32
Mrs. Adj. McRae, Essex	32
Lieut. Mumford, Listowell	32
Capt. Huntington, Blenheim	30
Capt. Pynn, Palmerston	31
Sergt. Palmer, London	30
Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg	30
Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg	27
Capt. Mathers, Listowell	25
Sister Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Bro. Christian, Dresden	25
Adj. McEwan, Bradford	25
Capt. McDonald, Drayton	25
Sister Coppins, St. Thomas	25
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Blenheim	24
Ensign McKenna, Essex	23
Sister McKenna, Essex	23
Mrs. Ryckman, Leamington	23
Secretary Harris, London	23
Sister Wakefield, Forest	22
Sister Albatt, Woodstock	21
Lieut. Thorne, Guelph	21
Lieut. Hodgson, Paris	21
Sergt. Butler, London	21
Capt. Burton, Ingersoll	20
Adj. McAmmond, London	20
Capt. Cadet Crawford, Paris	20
Capt. Green, Simcoe	20
Lieut. Harman, Guelph	20
Capt. McLeod, Galt	20
Sergt. M. Rose, Galt	20
Capt. Seaford, Seaford	20
Capt. Liston, Forest	20
Lieut. Jordison, Leamington	20
P. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll	20
Sister Livings, Ingersoll	20
Sister McKenna, Blenheim	20
Sister M. Ryckman, Norwich	20
Sister Quick, Stratford	20
Sister Melton, Stratford	20
Lieut. Winter, Stratford	20
Adj. Blackburn, Windsor	20
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	20
Capt. Bonn, Watford	20
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	20
Sister Hookins, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Baird, Bothwell	20
Sister Spoor, Bothwell	20
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

94 Hustlers.

Capt. Wilson, Collingwood	80
Cadet Pool, Richmond, St.	70
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	70
Adj. Scott, Brantford	67
Sister Pearce, Temple	65
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	65
Sister Grafton, Temple	64
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	63
Capt. Charlton, Owen Sound	63
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	63
Capt. Brant, Faversham	60
Capt. Stephens, North Bay	50
Lieut. McLennan, North Bay	50
Sergt. McDellack, Temple	50
Cadet Tricker, Richmond St.	47
A. Sherwin, Sudbury	45
Lieut. Bond, Sudbury	45
Adj. Cameron, Barrie	45
Capt. Bowers, Orillia	45
Lieut. Dales, Orillia	45
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	44
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	44
Mrs. Bowbeer, Ligar St.	42
Cadet Turner, Oshawa	41
Lieut. Liddard, Collingwood	40
Lieut. Crego, Aurora	40
Capt. O'Neil, Midland	40
Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	40
Sister Carr, Jonesburg	40
Sergt. Simpson, Ligar St.	40
Bro. Dixon, Temple	38
Capt. Ash, Richmond St.	38
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	37
Sister Carr, Jonesburg	37
Sister Griffith, Temple	37
Lieut. Cooper, Brampton	35
Capt. Mitchell, Fenelon Falls	35
Capt. Howcroft, West Toronto Jct.	35
Sister Carr, Jonesburg	35
Sergt. Correll, Temple	34
Cadet Pattenden, Lippincott	33
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	33
Sister Wright, Hamilton I.	30
Sister Carr, Jonesburg	30
J. B. M. Kinton, Huntsville	30
Capt. Wiseman, Oakville	30
M. H. Hinton, Oakville	30
Lieut. Young, Kilmount	30
Sergt. Carr, Jonesburg	30
Sergt. Mrs. Schwarzfager, Lindsay	29
Ensign Wynn, Riverside	27

Cadet Stickle, Lippincott	26
Cadet Cook, Sarnia	26
Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	26
Capt. Gammeau, Little Current	25
Lieut. Hunkinson, Little Current	25
Mrs. Brant, Hamilton I.	25
Uncle George, Hamilton I.	25
Sister Lighthouse, Hamilton I.	25
Sister Stacey, Temple	25
Bro. Young, Temple	25
Sergt. Stickle, Ligar	25
Sergt. Stunder, Brantford	25
Capt. Capper, Orangeville	25
Lieut. Edwards, Orangeville	25
Lieut. Craig, Meaford	25
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton I.	25
Sister Mrs. Hamilton II.	25
Emily Howell, Riverside	25
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott	25
Capt. Rennie, Meaford	24
Lieut. Jackson, Huntsville	24
S. M. Bradley, Temple	23
Father Curry, Hamilton II.	23
Lieut. Tytus, St. Catharines	23
Lizzie Richards, St. Catharines	23
Capt. White, Oshawa	22
Capt. Beaton, Riverside	22
S. M. Covermanche, Norland	22
Cadet Carwardine, Lippincott	22
Sister Ferguson, Parry Sound	22
Sister Parry, Lippincott	22
Sergt. M. C. Temple	20
Sergt. Boulton, Temple	20
Ensign Fox, Ligar St.	20
Mrs. S. M. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Lieut. McKenna, Newmarket	20
Capt. Fisher Chesley	20
F. Dault, Sudbury	20
Capt. Nelson, Yorkville	20
Lieut. Wadage, Yorkville	20
Sergt. Simpson, Yorkville	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

70 Hustlers.

CAPT. LaLonde, St. Johnsburg	100
LIEUT. BROOKES, Ottawa	150
ENSGN. BENCHE, Parbro	100
SERG. DUDLEY, Ottawa	127
CAPT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans	105
LIEUT. SYMONDS, St. Albans	105
LIEUT. BUTCHER, Cornwall	103
ADJ. GOODWIN, Ottawa	100
SISTER MRS. BARBER, Burlington	100
SISTER JENNIE BLOSS, Pembroke	100
Adj. Ogilvie, St. Johns	97
S. M. Simms, Kingston	90
Bro. Phillips, Barre	86
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I.	75
Capt. Magee, Annapolis	75
Lieut. Williams, Kempsville	75
Capt. Crego, Gananoque	71
Lieut. Newell, Morrisburg	70
Capt. Green, Tweed	66
Capt. Jones, Montreal II.	65
Capt. R. Crego, Trenton	62
Capt. Thompson, Belleville	61
Capt. Bearchell, Deseronto	61
Capt. Banks, Quebec	61
Capt. McIntyre, Renfrew	60
Sergt. Riches, Montreal IV.	51
Lieut. Norman, Gananoque	50
Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	50
Lieut. Hickman, Prescott	47
Sergt. Din, Kingston	40
Lieut. Hargreaves, Burlington	40
Lieut. Liddell, Perth	40
Capt. Browa, Perth	40
Ensign Stainer, Port Hope	39
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	37
Capt. Gross, Brighton	36
Capt. Nyland, Odessa	36
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	36
Capt. Tuck, Millbrook	35
Capt. Carter, Campbellford	35
Bro. Rutledge, Montreal I.	34
Sister Smardon, Montreal I.	33
Sister Mrs. Wentworth, Kingston	30
Sergt. Chingworth, Montreal I.	29
Sister Carr, Jonesburg	29
Ensign Kendall, Quebec	29
Capt. Vance, Port Hope	29
Capt. Stainforth, Cobourg	27
Sister Mrs. Stinson, Cobourg	27
Sister Mrs. Stinson, Peterboro	25
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Montreal I.	25
Bro. Sims, Barre	24
Lieut. McFarlane, Cobourg	24
Lieut. Ludlow, Penetron	24
Sister Mrs. Stinson, Kingston	24
Sister Mrs. Hippner, Montreal II.	23
Sister Horn, Montreal I.	23
Ensign Ward, Barre	22
Bro. Hersey, Barre	22
Ensign Yere, Montreal III.	20
Sister Mrs. Virtue, Montreal II.	20
Capt. Steeth, Prescott	20
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville	20
Cadet Vell, Montreal I.	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

60 Boomers.

MRS. GUILFOIL, St. John I.	115
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"Oh, yes; I take the War Cry regularly every week for many years now. There's so much that's worth reading on Sunday that then you can't read to let it lay on the table, like some papers which you would not like your children to see."

MRS. ENSIGN PARSONS, Sydney 113

CAPT. G. THOMPSON, Campbellton	113
LIEUT. SMITH, Yarmouth	108
LIEUT. SMITH, Calais	100
SISTER ROWE, Fredericton	100
SERG. M. SMITH, Windsor	100
Lieut. Harvey, Sussex	90
Capt. Fancey, Truro	90
Cadet Elsbury, Fredericton	80
Lieut. Richards, St. Stephen	80
Capt. Tilley, Amherst	75
Lieut. Armstrong, St. John III.	73
Lieut. Lebus, Fredericton	72
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	70
Sister Keil, St. John III.	65
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	63
M. Morrison, Glace Bay	60
Capt. Pittman, Westville	47
Cadet Knight, Woodstock	46
Cadet Packham, Fredericton	45
Capt. Sabine, St. Stephen	45
Capt. Larimore, St. John II.	42
Sister Keating, Glace Bay	42
Capt. Percy, Yarmouth	42
Sergt. F. Anderson, Somerset, Bur.	40
Capt. Bowering, Dartmouth	40
Jessie, Iron, Windsor	38
H. McEachern, Glace Bay	38
Sister Jones, St. John III.	38
Capt. Clark, N. Sydney	37
Lieut. Kirk, Annapolis	35
Lieut. McLeod, Westville	35
Capt. Moore, Sackville	35
Lieut. Cowan, Sackville	35
Cand. Morthough, Annapolis	31
Sister Holman, Windsor, N. S.	31
Sister E. Deardon, Fairville	30
Capt. Davies, Bridgewater	30
Capt. A. Horwood, Lunenburg	30
Eliza Kirk, Bear River	29
Sadie Drughy, Somerset, Ber.	25
P. Harrison, Somerset, Ber.	25
Capt. Doyle, Fairville	25
Sister Larchfield, Woodstock	25
Sister Rogers, St. John	25
Mrs. Snow, Dartmouth	25
P. Jones, Fredericton	23
Mrs. Mende, N. Sydney	21
Mrs. Knight, Woodstock	20
Sergt. McDev, Dartmouth	20
Sergt. Melvor, Dartmouth	20
Lieut. Mowbray, Bridgewater	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

43 Hustlers.

LIEUT. CLARKE, Grand Forks	107
CADET POTTER, Winnipeg	105
Lieut. Lloyd, Port William	102
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	82
Mrs. Knudson, Winnipeg	80
Mrs. Ensign Habbick, Fort William	80
Ensign G. G. Fargo	70
Capt. Blodgett, Calgary	70
Lieut. Hazen, Edmonton	63
Lieut. Forsberg, Grafton	60
Sister Mrs. Russell, Prince Albert	58
Lieut. Russell, Prince Albert	58
Lieut. Nuttall, Portage la Prairie	58
Cand. McLeod, Moose Jaw	50
Capt. Campbell, Grafton	40
Capt. Attenden, Brandon	40
Capt. Peave, Edmonton	40
Cand. Cook, Fargo	40
Capt. Cronarty, Oakes	41
Lieut. Askin, Virden	40
Ensign Chapman, Winnipeg (av. 2)	40
Cand. McConnell, Jamestown	39
Lieut. Anderson, Oakes	38
Capt. Smith, Devil's Lake	34
M. S. Gilling, Portage la Prairie	34
Mrs. Davis, Selkirk	34
W. A. Walker, Valley City	34
Mabel Reed, Brandon	33
Lieut. Woodworth, Moosomin	31

Capt. Stokes, Carberry	30
Mary Chapman, Winnipeg	30
Lieut. Wilcox, Morden	29
Lieut. Lewis, Minto	27
Capt. Brown, Hannah	25
Lieut. Blaud, Minnesota	25
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	25
Sergt. Penfold, Winnipeg	25
Sister Cochran, Seattle	22
Sister Ferguson, Portage	21
Lieut. Bunson, Neepawa	20
Mrs. B. Nell, Neepawa	20
Capt. Orr, Valley City	20
Sister Johnson, Bismarck	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

88 Hustlers.	
LIEUT. LLOYD, Butte	200
CAPT. H.A.S. Houston	190
MRS. CAPT. BROWN, Lewiston	100
Lieut. M. Betts, Kamloops	89
Lieut. Morris, New Westminster	80
Lieut. Tritt, Livingston	80
Sister Lewis, Victoria	65
Capt. Scott, Spokane	65
Lieut. Galt, Bismarck	60
Mrs. Capt. Hooper, Kaslo	55
Sister Rooney, Bismarck	55
Capt. C. Ziebarth, Kallispell	52
Lieut. M. Ziebarth, Kallispell	50
Mrs. Capt. Lacey, Whitcom	50
Bro. Scott, Revelstoke	45
Capt. Gooding, Victoria	45
Sister Knusken, Nelson	45
Adj. Stevens, Spokane	45
Sister N. Potter, Victoria	42
Lieut. R. Galt, Belt	40
L. Woodford, New Westminster	40
Lieut. Long, Dillon	35
Sister Barton, Spokane	35
Capt. Gooding, Victoria	35
Sister Barry, Whitcom	35
Capt. Gooding, Victoria	35
Sister Wallender, Rossland	30
Mrs. Carter, Butte, Mont.	30
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	30
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	25
Capt. Stevens, Spokane	25
Capt. Krell, Revelstoke	24
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	22
Sister Porter, Victoria	22
Capt. Beaumont, Livingston	20
Sergt. Maltby, Livingston	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

8 Hustlers.	
Minnie Harris, St. Johns I.	50
Capt. Oxford, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet Hill, St. Johns I.	50
Adj. Dowell, St. Johns I.	30
Sergt. J. Lidsten, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. Clark, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. Childs, St. Johns I.	25
Cand. Parsons, St. Johns I.	20

CAMP MEETINGS OF EARLY DAYS

Aroused the Keenest Interest, and Led by Ministers of Various Denominations.

Clifford Howard, in the July "Ladies' Home Journal," writes that the first camp-meeting in America was held on the banks of the muddy river, in Kentucky, in August, 1799, and was conducted by the Metcree brothers, two eloquent evangelists. "It lasted for little more than a week," he states, "and the novelty of it and the success which attended it were so marked that there rose an immediate demand for a continuance of this form of worship. Accordingly, the meeting was immediately followed by a large number of camp-meetings throughout the West, giving rise to the interest they excited that in some instances a single meeting was attended by two or three thousand persons, resulting in the complete desertion of the neighboring towns and settlements for the time being." This first camp-meeting marked the beginning of a revival of religion which assumed such proportions and wrought such widespread good that it has passed into history as the "Great Revival." The reaction following the period of doubt and unbelief, and swept through the country in a glorious wave of triumph. The earlier camp-meetings were not held under the auspices of any particular denomination. People of all churches and all phases of belief attended them and took an interest in their management. Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and other ministers conducted the services. Denominational differences were cast aside. All churches were merged into one in the tide of revivalism. But after the first excitement roused by the "Great Revival" died away, this particular form of worship became a Methodist institution. Other denominations gradually abandoned it and left it to the Methodists, who have maintained it to this day, and continue to find in it a source of good, and a no less worthy means of salvation than on the occasion of its establishment one hundred years ago."

A Good Shepherd:

What a Salvation Army Captain Should Be.

CHAPTER X.

Our Shepherd goes Married—Wants to be a Christian—Sees Fifty Devils Dancing Round Him—Gives up Drinking and Smoking.

I MAY mention that, in 1890, I took to myself a partner to help me fight the rough battle of life; for I have proved that it is a rough battle when we are fighting for the devil, although I never thought for him half so valiantly as some have, as ever since I lost my arm I have had a very great desire to become a Christian, and to serve God with all my heart. But I could never find anyone to put me in the way to get salvation. I attended the Church of England as regularly as I could for eighteen years; in 1896, I was confirmed by the bishop. After my name was written in the bishop's book, my minister asked me once whether I would receive the sacrament or not, and I told him that I must stop and see how I should get on, and I have never been any more confirmed. But I did want to become a true child of God, and the Holy Spirit was continually striving with me, only I had no one to tell me of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Many time I have made up my mind that I would lead a new life, but as many I felt, because I was building on the sand, that is, I was trying in my own strength. I remember, about eight years ago, a man that I knew very well, died; and he said, before he died, that he had attended his church twice every Sunday for forty years, "hut," said he, "I am lost. I am damned for ever, and there is nothing but hell before me." He said

wrong, which made me lose my temper, and very likely made me swear; so, you see, I was as bad as ever again. Still I wanted to become a Christian.

There were some men that passed my house to go to a chapel near where I lived at that time, and I knew that they were good Christian men, though they had been some of the very worst that could be found, years before, and I knew that if the Lord had changed them, He could change me; but the devil would not let me ask them how I might be made as happy as they were.

I must pass on now to Sunday, the 27th of July, 1879, which was what I called Hospital Sunday, when after my wife and I had been to church in the evening, and had been home and had supper, we were induced by some visitors to go to a public-house and have a little beer. But it was the same with us as with so many, we had too much. I went home and went to bed; but in the night, in my sleep I saw fifty devils dancing round me, and one of them felt me very badly. It woke me out of my sleep and after I had awaked, I felt that this devil was still haunting me. I woke my wife, and was in such a state that I did not know what to do with myself; but I said, by God's help, I will never touch any more beer; and I am happy to tell you that from that hour the Lord has kept me from the least desire for anything intoxicating. I was tempted to have children with those who had it for dinner; for though we were not allowed elder in our work, the master mostly gave those some who could not go home to dinner, and when I gave up drinking any it made it worse for the rest, for the master would say, "If Tom

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
When he spoils his neighbor's fame;
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we enter words of blame;
If we would but show many might we
Turn from the paths of sin and shame?
Ah, the wrong that might be righted,
If we would but see the way;
Ah, the pain that might be righted,
Every hour and every day;
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray!

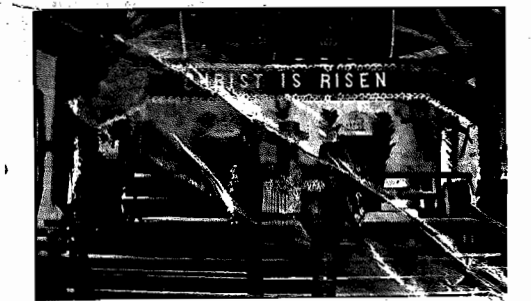
Let us step aside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride,
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we abide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be, if we but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh;
Thus to talk of duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of night's good;
Still, we shrink from soul's appalling,
With a "thine," "If we could!"
But the God who judgeth all things
Knows the truth is, "If we would?"

DEMONIZED.

Every human spirit is either dominated by the Holy Ghost or one or more demons. In the case of the weaker, the Holy Spirit, ultimately in His final departure, the demons come in and take possession of their victim, doing their utmost primarily to effectually lock the door against the future ingress of the Holy Spirit, thus obliterating all apprehensions of God and susceptibilities of conviction. Then the demon fortifies himself in that human spirit which he has dragged down to the devil's dirty level, by subsidizing the mind, darkening the intellect, warping the judgment, pointing the memory and debauching the sensibilities, so that all the mental faculties, with their educational inducements, become but the filthy implements of the indwelling demon. Finally, through the foul spirit and debauched mind, he literally captures the body, taking complete possession of all its members and degrading it below the dignity of the irrational brute, using its members as filthy sewers through which to inhale the very dregs of the bottomless pit. Thus this miserable, God-forsaken victim of sin has his spirit demonized, his mind stigmatized, his body brutalized, so that he is really a loathsome, demonized brute. As his bodily members continue, his only avenues of enjoyment, and of course when they are paralyzed in death, the last possibility of fruition, even in the lowest sensual sense, is forever swept away, and the hopeless victim, cramped eternally in the fiery retributions of disappointed lusts, passions and appetites, is filled with his own hell, and nothing left but to drop into the burning lake—Godley's Commentary, Vol. IV.



EASTER DECORATIONS OF OUR BARRACKS AT ST. GEORGE'S, BERMDUE.
Capt. Brehaut and Lieut. Young are seen near the platform. Note the liberal use of Easter Lilies, which flower is raised by acres on the Island.

this to one who was sitting up with him, and when it was told to me, it made me tremble, because I knew that I stood in the same place with the exception of one thing. This was a miser in other things, but so the words of the man kept ringing in my ears for years, till I received another loud call.

This was the death of a next-door neighbor, a dear woman who had brought up a large and respectable family, who are all, with one exception, steady, moral men now. This dear old woman attended the same church as I did, and I thought she was quite prepared to meet her God, as she lay on her sick bed for a long time, and the minister's wife and her sister visited her regularly. But after she died, the only daughter she had after she died, in front of our door, crying bitterly, and I said, "Miss S., don't cry. I believe your mother is better off now." She said, "I only wish I could think so. But I asked her just before she died, if she could see her way clear to future happiness, and she said, 'It is all dark before me now.'" Those words gave me a turn, and made my blood run cold in my veins, for I thought that if it was all dark before her, how was it with me? and from that time I determined to live a different life. But I found again that as I was building upon the sand, for as soon as I began work, something went

can do without it, the rest of you can." So they were all down upon me, and tried very hard to get me to take some, only the Lord had taken all my desire from me, and so their temptations were of no avail.

For six months I struggled along in this way, the only abstainer out of about thirty that worked on my side, and in the house. But at the end of that time after the Lord had well tried me, He gave me as a companion one of the worst drunkards on the farm, who gave up the drink and came on my side, and is a total abstainer to-day, although I have had to keep very close to him at times.

After I had given up the drink about a year, the Lord pointed out something to me. I must give up, and that was the tobacco. Now, I had been a smoker for over fifteen years, but the Lord took the desire of smoking away, just the same as He had done with the drink.

When these two great idols were gone, there was something else that troubled me more than ever, and that was the sin I committed every day I lived. The Lord seemed to show me more clearly than ever my need of pardon, and in every time I saw those Christian men pass my door, I had a more longing desire to be like them; but my naughty spirit would not let me go to their chapel.

(To be continued.)

To-morrow hath a rare, alluring sound;
To-day is very pass; and yet the twin
Are but one vision seen through altered



Beautiful Zion.

Tune.—Marching to Zion (B.B. 68).

4 To leave the world below,
March upward with our band;
And step by step we mean to go
To Zion's happy land.

Chorus.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
Marching the Army to Zion,
The beautiful city of God!

The city we shall see.

The heavenly music hear;
Marching to songs of victory,
With all the Army there.

The pearly gates are wide.
The streets are bright and fair;
We'll march together side by side,
When safely landed there!

With Blood-and-Fire unfurled,
Marching to victory grand;
The Army means to lead the world,
To Zion's happy land.

Come Home Again!

Tunes.—Hiding in Thee (B.J. 9, 2);
Whiter than snow (B.J. 12, 2); Oh,
turn ye (B.J. 86, 2).

5 Backslider, a moment just think of
thy state,
Just think of the torments thy poor
soul await;

The anguish, the torture, the conscience-
wrought pain—
Oh, think of it, brother, and come home
again!

Chorus.

Come home again, (Repeat)
While Jesus is calling,
Oh, come home again!

You never intended to slip thus away,
The sins that seemed trifling are hideous
to-day,
Then list to the message, so simple, so
plain,
"I'll heal thy backslidings," oh, come
back again!

Though far you have wandered, the table
is spread,
The guests are assembled, Christ sits at
the head;
A welcome awaits you, the calf has been
slain,
Your Father entreats you, return home
again.

Return while you may, while yet there
is room,
A moment's delay may for ever seal your
doom;
Then, risk it no longer, your pardon now
claim,
See! all things are ready, return home
again.

He who throws the dice of destiny,
Though with a sportive and unthinking
hand,
Must hide the issue.

—Alex. Smith.

The Dream of Judgment.



I dreamt that the Judgment Day had
come.

And I heard the trumpet call,
And the ransomed rose, a mighty throng,
Before the Throne to fall.
Heaven's beautiful gates were opened
wide.

To let the Blood-bought pass,
And I saw the wonderful sinless land,
With its burnished sea of glass.

Chorus.

Ne'er shall I forget the scene I beheld,
And the glories revealed there to me,
And the numbers who entered the beau-
tiful gates—
But none had been led there by me.

And the ransomed came from the north
and south—

From east and west they came;
Some long and some brief along with them.
And others the half and lame,
And some were leading the little ones—
A mighty host were they—
Whose eyes were lit with the light of
love,
And bright with their child-like play.

But I! As I gazed on the beautiful
scene,
My heart grew cold as a stone;
For, as I passed through the beautiful
gates,
I passed through those gates alone!
And I! Oh, half of my joy was gone,
In the wonderful sinless state,
When I thought of the numbers who
knew me on earth
That I might have led to the gate.

Down at the Cross.

Tune.—Cleansing for me (B.J. 45).

6 Hark, the glad tidings so gracious
and free!
Down at the Cross,
Salvation—full, present, free and com-
plete—

Down at the Cross,
God's Holy Spirit no longer now grieve;
All who will truly repent and believe,
Blood-bought redemption by faith shall
receive—
Down at the Cross.

Just as thou art to the Saviour now see,
Down at the Cross,
Sinner, this moment there's mercy for
thee—

Down at the Cross,
Bid all your doubting and fearing be-
gone!
Jesus will pardon the vilest who come,
Welcome in mercy each sin-burdened
one—
Down at the Cross.

Backslider, turn; come and start once
again—
Down at the Cross,
Joys of salvation you still can obtain—
Down at the Cross,
God will forgive you your dark, guilty
past,
All in the sea of forgetfulness cast;
Ever and ever your joys then will last—
Down at the Cross.
Sergt.-Major Gibly.

Solo.

7 When you feel weakest, dangers sur-
round,
CrUEL temptations, troubles abound,
Nothing seems hopeful, nothing seems
glad,
All is despairing, everything sad—

Chorus.

Keep on believing, Jesus is near!
Keep on believing, there's nothing to
fear!
Keep on believing, this is the way—
Faith in the night as well as the day!

If all were easy, if all were bright,
Where would the cross be? where would
the fight?
But in the hardness, God gives to you
Chances of proving that you are true.

God is your Wisdom, God is your Might,
God's ever near you, guiding you right;
He understands you, knows all your
need,
Trusting in Him you'll surely succeed.

Let us press on, then, never despair—
Live above feeling—victory's there;
Jesus can keep us so near to Him
That nevermore our faith shall grow dim.

The Pill Choked Him.

"What is the Army doing, anyway?"
asked the critic. "I fail to see anything
good they have done since they have
been here."

"Let me tell you a story, sir, and then
judge for yourself."

"A short time ago two of my friends
when retiring to rest one night, were
much annoyed by a drunken mob direct
under their window. The cursing, swear-
ing and fighting was such that they could not
rest, and, forced to listen to the whole
thing, they longed for the godless crowd
to remove."

"After a long while they fell asleep,
and upon waking early in the morning
they again heard a noise outside, and one
of them exclaimed, 'My God, will it ever
cease!'"

"They listened a moment or two, and
it seemed to be another and different
crowd of sinners. So, looking out of the
window, they were able to see the lads
of the red gearney holding their morning
meeting on the very spot occupied by the
drunken mob the previous night."

"More than that, sir, they haven't
been disturbed by drunks since. Some of
the same lads go to the same spot still,
not to fight, curse and swear, but to
pray and praise God. Judge for yourself
what we are doing."

"That pill choked him.—A. C. T.

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Toronto.

Tunes.—Come, brethren dear (B.B. 9);
He lives (B.J. 813); Praise (B.J.
148).

1 Come, Jesus, Saviour, from above,
And fill my heart with perfect love,
And make me more like Thee,
That I may, by Thy Spirit's power,
Bring honor to Thy name each hour,
And live and fight for Thee.

Oh, send the promised Holy Ghost,
That I may of His fulness boast.
To cleanse from inbred sin I
Then I shall conquer self and pride,
And in the cleansing stream abide,
All pure and clean within.

Just now I claim the cleansing power,
To make me pure this very hour,
And closer walk with Thee;
That I may in Thy strength go forth,
And love to seek and save the lost,
And fight and die for Thee.

Henry Ainsworth.

Refining Fire.

Tunes.—Oh, the Lamb (B.J. 72, 3); In
golden hours (B.J. 114, 3); Grim-ly
(B.J. 219, 1); We'll fight until (B.J.
52, 2); The Judgment Day (B.J. 65,
1); No other argument (B.J. 7, 3).

2 Jesus, Thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad
Then shall my foe no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

Oh, that in me the sacred Fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross or base desire,
And make the mountains bow!

Oh, that the Fire from Heaven might
fall
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call:
Spirit of burning, come!

Refining Fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.